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### HUNGARY.

WHEN, in 1861, the Emperor of AUSTRIA summoned the Hungarian Diet to meet at Pesh, and to pass the measures necessary to give practical effect to the Diploma of October, 1860, the Hungarians not only declined to do what they were asked to do, but they prophesied that the attempt which the EMPEROR was making to introduce a central constitutional body at Vienna must necessarily fail. The language they used has been so completely justified by events that it is remarkable they should have used it. In their address in answer to the EMPEROR's Rescript, they pointed out that the absolute system which the Austrian Government had tried to introduce throughout the Empire had utterly broken down. The statesmen who originated the idea of the centralized unity of the Empire met with no active opposition, for there was no one to oppose them. In the forcible language of the Hungarians, "they destroyed and levelled everything which stood in their way; they spared neither pains nor money, and within twelve years spent the incomes of generations yet unborn." But all this levelling and outlay came to nothing. The Empire, instead of gaining new strength, was weaker than ever, and although a good stand was made in the field, the Italian campaign showed how very weak it had grown. The EMPEROR resolved to try a new system. The idea of the centralized unity of the Empire was to remain, but it was to be attained, not through an absolute, but through a constitutional Government. The Hungarian leaders foresaw clearly, and boldly declared, that this new plan for carrying out the favourite idea of Vienna would break down still more hopelessly than the old plan had done. The absolute system could, they argued, at least effect the appearance of what was desired. It could set up, in fact, a centralized unity, for it did not ask men whether they liked centralized unity or not, but imposed it on them by force. But constitutional government cannot make men accept a centralized unity voluntarily; it can only ask them whether they like it, and it was very certain that there were many portions of the Austrian Empire which, if asked, would say they disliked it exceedingly. If, therefore, the choice were free, centralized unity was impossible; if the choice was not free, this was the old absolutism with a new face. The path to the real security and strength of the Empire did not, therefore, lie through any attempt to make the Austrian Empire united under a central authority; it lay, according to the Hungarians, in treating the different parts of the Empire as members of a federation of which the EMPEROR should be the head. The objection that the members of such a federation would never cohere, and that Austria must be weak, divided, and contemptible under such a system, was, in the opinion of the Hungarians, sufficiently refuted by the fact that, in the days when Austria had been really great, Hungary had been treated as an independent State. When Hungary was free to act, Hungary always supported Austria. The Hungarian Diet exercised its constitutional rights of voting taxes and levies of recruits at the time when Hungary saved Austria in her moment of greatest need. The only experience of success which Austria had ever had was when it never dreamt of setting up and worshipping its golden calf of a centralized unity—when it respected national wishes, traditions, and laws. The arguments of the Hungarians did not then convince the EMPEROR. He was bent on trying the remedy for the maladies of the State which M. von SCHMELLING had invented and recommended so confidently. But events and time have done what anticipatory arguments could not do. They have shown the EMPEROR that the Hungarians were right so far that, under a constitutional system framed to carry out a centralized unity, the Empire would grow weaker and weaker. The EMPEROR now turns to the Hungarians and says to them that they have loudly insisted that a Federative

system of government would thrive in Austria, and that now they shall have their chance.

This at once puts them in a very different position from that which they held when they met at Pesh five years ago. They were then told that their Constitution should be restored to them, but that it should only be restored to them conditionally. They must fall into the scheme of a centralized unity, and, if they did this, they should have as much of their Constitution restored as was compatible with the existence of an Imperial and supreme Parliament at Vienna. It was only as a means of creating this Parliament, which was to be the really useful institution, that their useless and obsolete national rights were to be revived. They declined the offer without any hesitation. They insisted that their Constitution was worth nothing to them if it was restored conditionally, or, indeed, if it was restored at all. It must be looked on as something which had never ceased to exist and to bind the EMPEROR; otherwise the EMPEROR could take away the little of it which he proposed to revive as easily as he had taken away the whole. But now things are entirely altered. Their Constitution is to be allowed to operate; and the object of this is, not that it may be the means of setting up a totally different and wholly inconsistent representative body at Vienna, but that the Diet may, by using its own powers and working in its own way, help the Empire and the EMPEROR. The Hungarians know that the EMPEROR has no choice but either to treat Hungary as a province in a great measure independent, having its own laws, and protected by historical rights, or to return more to absolutism. Whatever else may have a chance of setting itself up in Austria, constitutional government at Vienna, with Hungary left out, can never hold up its head again. But the EMPEROR will not return to absolutism unless he is very hard driven. If the Hungarians pushed their advantage so far as to be very unjust to the other provinces of the Empire, and so far as to make Austria no longer a Power, but merely a name for an assemblage of discordant and antagonistic tribes, the EMPEROR would probably prefer the dark hazard of restoring absolutism to the certain ruin of having his Empire torn in pieces. So long, however, as the Hungarians are at all reasonable, they can insist that the experiment on trying which they have set their hearts shall be tried, not only fairly, but on the most advantageous terms that may be found possible. Many of the questions which in 1861 were treated as necessary to be decided in their favour before they could be reconciled to the EMPEROR, have now sunk into comparative unimportance. It is not for the moment of any interest, what is the true relation of Transylvania and Croatia and Fiume to the Hungarian Crown. The Hungarians will have to recognise and adopt the concession of political existence which the EMPEROR has made to what used to be the subject nationalities under the Hungarian Crown; and the real basis of the contention is, therefore, cut away. The EMPEROR, on the other hand, will be very glad to renounce any difficulties of a technical nature, such as those which arise from his not having been crowned; and, therefore, the ground will be left quite open for the decision of the main question whether the Hungarians, in conjunction with the EMPEROR, can suggest or will adopt any scheme of federation which has a sufficient promise of success to make it worth while to give it a chance.

The discussion between Hungary and the Government of Vienna in 1861 ran into many intricate details as to the nature of the union between the two countries—how far it was real, and how far it was merely personal. But although, in a vague way, the Hungarians talked of their right to have a Foreign Minister of their own, and even alleged that at least in Turkey they could claim to have a special diplomatic representative side by side with the representative of the EMPEROR, yet practically they never meant to ask more

than that they should have complete local self-government, and that the Diet should vote the taxes and the levies of troops. There can be no difficulty about giving them as much local self-government as they can possibly ask for. The officials of all grades and of all services who are employed in Hungary will be Hungarians. The counties will be under Lord-Lieutenants, appointed in the old way. The laws administered will be exclusively Hungarian. But the right of voting taxes and recruits is the right which will cause serious discussion, and it is a right which could not for a moment have been admitted if the idea of centralized unity had been adhered to. But it is not, perhaps, inconsistent with the construction of a Federal scheme. That all taxes and all levies of troops in Hungary should be subject to the caprice of the Diet for the time being would probably be too much to ask from the EMPEROR. He could not give this privilege to Hungary without giving it to his other provinces; and an Emperor who had in a time of difficulty to get his money and men by the votes of at least half-a-dozen distinct Parliaments would be destitute of any power of maintaining his dignity or of pursuing a great political end. But it is in no way inconsistent with the claims of the Hungarian Diet that it should be now invited to contribute a fixed amount of money and men to the defence of the Empire, and that the representative leaders of the other provinces should be asked to do the same. This is what most federations have had to do. If, for example, our North American Colonies were to form themselves into a federation, they would agree to furnish so many militiamen, and to hold them in readiness to carry out any decision of the Federal authorities. And in a country like Austria, surrounded by great military monarchies, it is only taking a slight and a natural step further that the component parts of the federation should agree to contribute their contingents to a common army, which might have the discipline and organization necessary to carry on war on a great scale. It is true that, although the arrangement might enable the Federal Government to go to war, it would not enable it to continue a war. Applications must be made to the different Diets for more money and more men, and probably the Hungarians would insist on their Diet retaining the power of declining to give more than the regular contingent of troops and money. This is undoubtedly a weakness in the Federal scheme; it is the great and obvious objection to it. But then the true argument of the Hungarians is that there are greater objections to every other scheme. It might happen that the Federal scheme would work even in times of difficulty, and in ordinary times it might work very well. The provinces, if they are really bent on independence and self-government, and have the qualities necessary for success, will, it may be presumed, be very happy so long as no calls are made on them beyond what, by their original compact, they have agreed to meet. If a time of pressure comes, the provinces may refuse to co-operate. But it is also very possible that they may co-operate warmly, for they will be already engaged in the enterprise which they will be called on to pursue; and men, when actually engaged in a joint undertaking, are stimulated by a great variety of motives to go on with it. At any rate, the risk is worth running by Austria, for a risk of some sort must be run, and this seems by no means the greatest.

#### PRUSSIA AND LAUENBURG.

THE King of PRUSSIA expresses a hope that the inhabitants of Lauenburg may exhibit to his dynasty the same loyal feeling and conduct which are supposed to have characterized their relations to his defeated predecessor. As the population only amounts to 50,000 persons, occupying a territory of proportionate size, the annexation of the Duchy to Prussia is not in itself an important political event. It was by mere accident that a petty German province became connected with the Danish Crown, and it is probably more convenient that it should form a part of the great neighbouring monarchy. The transaction is objectionable only because it has been effected by conquest, followed by a purchase of half the plunder from the joint aggressor. The only creditable part of the Prussian proceeding consisted in the abstinence from any hypocritical formality of universal suffrage. The people of Lauenburg had never complained of their former ruler, nor had they at any time expressed a desire to transfer their allegiance before their compulsory separation from Denmark. It may seem strange that they should become Prussians because Schleswig and Holstein quarrelled with Denmark, but, if there are political philosophers in

Lauenburg, they are probably satisfied that the fate which has befallen them was eventually inevitable. If the conduct of the Prussian Government had been less cynically violent, Englishmen in general would not have objected to the aggrandizement of the great North German Kingdom. It is highly desirable that small States should maintain their independence, where it is founded on historical or national distinctions; but Germany, like Italy, has within itself so many elements of unity, that the obliteration of internal divisions tends to increase its security and greatness. Only sixty years have elapsed since the ancient Roman Empire and Kingdom of Germany were nominally abolished, and nine or ten years afterwards the present Confederation was instituted for the express purpose of perpetuating the mutual relations of the numerous portions of a common country. The Diet, though its functions are limited, and though its practical power is insignificant, represents the Federal bond of all the German States. There is a contingent army in common, and there are many laws and customs which apply to all parts of the Confederacy. Every subject of a German prince has the right of naturalization in all parts of Germany, nor is it more unusual for a Saxon or a Wirtemburger to enter the service of Prussia than for a citizen of Massachusetts to transfer his residence to Ohio. The seizure of Lauenburg by Prussia is, therefore, in some sense, a measure of internal policy, except as far as it affects the hereditary rights of the King of DENMARK. The late King of PRUSSIA himself suffered a somewhat similar loss when he unwillingly relinquished his possession of the Principality of Neuchâtel. It was convenient that a Swiss Canton should be relieved from its connection with a foreign dynasty, and there is no reason of public expediency for the retention of the ducal title of Lauenburg by the Danish reigning family; but war which results in acquisition of territory is a more dangerous precedent than revolution. It must not, however, be forgotten that Lauenburg belongs to Germany, and that it was never a portion of Denmark. If the Duchy had at any time been invaded by a non-German enemy, it would have been defended by the whole force of the Confederation.

The King of PRUSSIA seems to believe that, in taking possession of Lauenburg, he has performed a glorious act, and he hopes to inspire his new subjects with that singular kind of loyalty which he regards as the correlative of his own divine right to govern. The acquisition is more especially prized because he bought the province out of his own pocket, without asking or receiving the aid of his contumacious Parliament. It is true that the expenses of the Danish war were met from the accumulations of the public revenue, and that, according to the legal doctrines which prevail in the most civilized countries, a king is incapable of acquiring property, except as an addition to the possessions of the Crown. The KING, however, probably holds that he has become, by a separate title, sovereign of Lauenburg, and not that he has extended the dominions in which the Prussian Constitution still theoretically prevails. With innocent complacency he believes in his own prerogative, as firmly as in the military achievements of his army against the helpless Danes, and the homage of the people of Lauenburg is accepted as a symbol of the devotion which is due to the anointed representative of Heaven. Whether Kings of Prussia are profane or pious, they are always deeply persuaded of their own indefeasible supremacy. The additions which from time to time enlarge their dominions are, in later times, the more fully appreciated because they are evidently gifts of Providence. FREDERICK the GREAT held a different doctrine, but his conclusions were in substance the same. Thoughtful Prussians perhaps smile at the illusions of modern kings who have not the excuse of being heroes, and they may not unreasonably believe that, whatever may be the intention of individual rulers, the acquisitions of the Prince will ultimately enure to the benefit of the State. The national party in Germany regards with divided feelings the progress of Prussian ambition. The combination of freedom with unity is the object of all patriotic aspirations, and it is still doubtful whether the extension of the Prussian monarchy may lead to the restoration of a German Empire, or perpetuate in a somewhat different form the present division of the nation into fragments. If Prussia could grow into Germany as Piedmont expanded into Italy, those who have the best right to represent the country would pardon or applaud either political irregularities or personal fancies which promoted the desired result. The King of PRUSSIA, however, alienates the sympathies which he might enlist on his side by his habitual violations of constitutional right. The most zealous supporters of Prussian supremacy in Germany are at the same time irreconcilably opposed to absolute government. When the Prussian Parliament refused a vote



for the increase of the fleet, its motives were understood and approved by the very enthusiasts who habitually dream of the creation of a German navy.

As the balance of power in Germany tends only to derange the balance of power in Europe, the precedent of annexing Lauenburg is principally disliked because it might serve as an excuse for French designs on adjacent States which are incapable of defending themselves. The German provinces on the left bank of the Rhine will never be menaced or attacked unless the aggressor can find allies either in the mass of the population or among the princes. The overbearing conduct of Prussia has lately alienated the minor Governments, but an anti-national alliance, especially if it involved the sacrifice of German territory to a foreigner, would be universally censured as treasonable. The acquisition of Lauenburg, and even of Holstein and Schleswig, though it may interfere both with the free choice of the people and with hereditary succession, is still a mere redistribution of German States; but the sacrifice of Cologne or of Trèves to an alien Power would be an insult and an injury of an entirely different order. If, indeed, the inhabitants of the Rhine provinces are so degraded as to be willing to renounce their nationality, no effective resistance can be offered to any ambitious project of France. There is at present, however, no reason to believe that Germany is liable to dismemberment. When conquerors extort concessions of territory from their weaker neighbours, it is natural that resentment should be expressed in anticipations of future retribution; but strength which makes aggression possible also prevents retaliation.

If the Emperor of AUSTRIA ever finds himself again at leisure to attend to German affairs, he may probably attempt to assume a protectorate of the small States, which were ninety years ago defended by the arms and policy of FREDERICK the GREAT against the projects of JOSEPH II. For the present, it is a sufficient task to negotiate a reconciliation with Hungary; and in the interval it has been found necessary to fall behind Prussia itself in the path of constitutional freedom. Not long since, the Austrian Council of the Empire seemed a more hopeful institution than the Prussian Parliament, as it was allowed to exercise a real and salutary control over the Imperial finances. Through one of the strangest combinations recorded in modern history, a representative system has been abolished or suspended with universal assent; and it is fair to assume that the general confidence in the sincerity of the EMPEROR and his advisers is not without foundation. Nevertheless, an actual Parliament, even under the most adverse circumstances, is better than an Emperor's promise; and although the King of PRUSSIA has seized half Lauenburg, and purchased the rest without the concurrence of the House of Deputies, he is forced to abstain from any political enterprise which would render a loan indispensable. Country people and public functionaries in Brandenburg, and perhaps even in Lauenburg, may actively or tacitly accept the Royal theory of a sacred and beneficent absolutism. Fortunately, the money market is not equally imaginative, and even where representative government is exposed to sceptical commentaries, capitalists have an inveterate belief in Parliamentary votes. An accurate estimate of the revenue of the Prussian Crown would indicate the limits within which the ambition of the Government must restrain itself, as long as it sets the Parliament at defiance.

#### MR. SEWARD AND THE COTTON LOAN.

THE despatch which Mr. SEWARD has addressed to Mr. ADAMS with regard to the cotton sent over some little time ago by the Confederate Government is intemperate and dictatorial, but our only business is to do justice and act quite legally, whether Mr. SEWARD writes well or ill. The case is entirely one for a Court of law to decide, and we may be sure that our Government will never pay the slightest attention to Mr. SEWARD's bombastic threat that he does not care what English Courts of law may decide, and will insist on England giving up the cotton. The United States Government has chosen to appear in the Court of Chancery as a plaintiff, and it would be absurd that a foreign Government should seek redress in our Courts, and then announce that, unless the decision were in its favour, it would demand from our Government what it had failed to obtain from our tribunals. We must dismiss at once from our consideration this silly piece of bravado, which is really addressed neither to England nor to Mr. ADAMS, but exclusively to the American newspapers. The law must decide what are the rights of the United States Government, and the decision of the law must be treated as final. The circumstances

of the case were these. A quantity of cotton was shipped by the Confederate Government from Texas before the surrender of KIRBY SMITH, and while the authority of the Confederate Government was still recognised in Texas. The cotton was sent successfully through the blockading vessels of the Federals, and reached Havana, whence it was forwarded in June last in an English vessel to a Liverpool firm, who received and held it in part satisfaction of certain claims created some time previously in their favour by the Confederate Government, and which claims the cotton was expressly sent to meet. The Government of the United States applied to Vice-Chancellor Wood for an injunction to restrain the Liverpool firm from dealing with the bills of lading, on the ground that the United States were, and always had been, the "true owners" of the cotton; and the motion for the injunction was resisted on the ground that the United States Government could have had no better right over the cotton than that of the Government to whose rights they had succeeded by conquest. The VICE-CHANCELLOR agreed with the latter view. The Confederate Government, he said, had been a *de facto* Government, and had given certain of its creditors a lien over the cotton, which lien must be discharged before the present owners of the cotton—that is, the United States—could benefit by the property which they had acquired by conquest. It is to be observed that neither the counsel for the United States in their argument disputed this, nor does Mr. SEWARD in his despatch. If the Confederate Government was a *de facto* Government, then it could create a lien. But the Federal view is, that it was never a *de facto* Government. The Confederates were merely persons who possessed themselves of the property of the United States Government, and used it for certain unlawful purposes. They were not a Government at all, and England had never recognised them as being a Government. This view evidently leads to questions of some subtlety. What is a *de facto* Government? and does its recognition in English Courts as a *de facto* Government depend on its being recognised as an existing Government by the QUEEN? And then, again, if the Confederate Government was not a *de facto* Government, and its members were mere robbers and usurpers who stole the cotton, could the United States Government appear here as the plaintiff, and ought not the persons to whom the cotton belonged, and from whom the Confederates stole it, to have been made the plaintiffs? The VICE-CHANCELLOR thought that this would be so, and that the view that the Confederates were a mere set of marauders, a band of robbers devastating the country and acquiring property in that way, was quite fatal to the case of the United States, for then none but the persons injured could have interfered in Court. It is probably such an objection as this—one of the most elementary and proper that a Court could discuss—that Mr. SEWARD wished to dash away as an idle legal cobweb when he spoke with disdain of municipal courts in his fiery despatch.

No doctrine of international law can be more indisputable than that it is the exclusive right of Governments to acknowledge new States, and that, until the Government recognises a new State, the tribunals of every country must look upon the old order of things as unchanged. The Courts know, as a matter of notoriety, whether this recognition has or has not taken place; and no Government, merely by calling itself a *de facto* Government, has any *locus standi*. If there is a civil war, and one part of a foreign nation separates itself from the old-established Government, and erects itself into a distinct Government, the Courts must view the newly-constituted Government as it is viewed by the Government of their own country—that is, as non-existent. Mr. SEWARD is quite right in saying that, in the eyes of the English Government, and therefore of all English Courts of law, the Confederate Government never existed as a Government. Supposing the American war had been still going on, and the Liverpool firm to which this cotton was consigned had held it to their own use, and not obeyed the instructions of the Confederate Government with regard to it, the Confederate Government could not have sued them in an English Court of law. The plaintiffs would have been persons of whom the Court could have no cognizance; and if, in order to create a *locus standi*, the bill or declaration had contained an allegation that the revolted States had been recognised by Great Britain as an independent State, the Court would have held itself bound to know judicially that this was not true. If a new Government has been recognised, and afterwards succumbs to its former masters, or if one form of government succeeds to another form in the same State, the Courts hold that the acts of the fallen Government are binding on its successors, and that the property of the Government that has passed away belongs to the Government that has taken its place. There has been a continuity

in the existence of the nation taken as a whole, and treaties made with those who represent it at one time are binding on those who happen to represent it at another time. If a Republic were established in Russia, we should hold the Republic as much bound as the Empire not to make a naval arsenal at Sebastopol. And we should consider the Republic bound to pay the debts of the Empire; and so far as the liability could come before our Courts, which it might do indirectly, they would recognise it. But if those who revolt are not recognised as having established a new sovereign Power, they must be, in the eyes of our Government and of our Courts, mere rebels against the authority of an ally. English Courts have no moral or political opinions about a revolution, nor will they interfere to prevent a revolution unless some act furthering the revolution is about to be committed within their jurisdiction; but those who revolt in foreign countries are, in the eyes of the law, rebels. Nor does the concession of belligerent rights to a set of rebels give their Government a legal standing. Vice-Chancellor Wood, if he was rightly reported, appears to have said that, unless the Confederate Government was a *de facto* Government, the powers of the Court might have been invoked to aid in the seizure of the *Alabama* while she lay in Southampton Harbour with the Confederate flag flying. This is scarcely the right reason for a very sound conclusion. The *Alabama* would have been safe, not because she belonged to a *de facto* Government, but because she belonged to a Government which our Government had recognised for all purposes of war, one of which was the right of entry into our harbours under certain restrictions. If she was now in Southampton Water we should probably give her up to the United States Government, because she would have passed to the conquering belligerent. A ship of war cannot be sold during war by one belligerent to a neutral, and must belong to some State; and if, as in the case of the Confederates, the State owning her had, in the eyes of England, only an existence as a belligerent, the neutral Government might naturally hold that the only State entitled to possess her would be the successful belligerent. But even in this case it would be the Government of England that must act, and the Court of Chancery could certainly not interfere to give possession to the new owner.

Whose property, then, is this cotton now or lately lying at Liverpool, subject to such claims as its holders may have on it? It never was, in the eyes of the English law, the property of the Confederate Government, for the Confederate Government never had a legal existence; and although it never was the property of the Confederate Government, can the United States Government now claim it? There certainly is a case in point. In the days of BOMBA, the rebel Sicilian Government contracted for two ships to be built in England, and paid a part of the purchase-money; and after the rebellion was put down, the Court of Chancery allowed the King to claim, as now belonging to him, whatever interest in these ships had been possessed by the revolutionary Government. The Court treated the revolutionary Government as an extinct *de facto* Government, to whose rights the restored legal Government had succeeded. If this case was to govern the present, from which it scarcely differs at all, the Government now successful would of course take the property of its predecessors, subject to all the liens on it which its predecessors might have created. But the view of Mr. SEWARD, and the view adopted in the bill filed by the United States Government, is that the Confederate Government never was a *de facto* Government at all; and when the question is fully argued, it may prove that, in spite of the case of the King of the Two SICILIES, the Court will hold this to be the sounder view. If so, who can claim the property transmitted by foreign rebels to this country? The simplest answer appears to be that its owners can claim it from all persons who have been aware of the ownership. Supposing rebels sell national property, the nation, through its Government, could claim it. If there were a revolution at Paris, and the insurgents, being temporarily successful, sent over the pictures out of the Louvre to this country, the Imperial Government, when restored, could reclaim them. If the cotton had been taken by force from unwilling owners in the Southern States, and sent over here, their owners could claim it here. But if, as was probably the case, the cotton was placed at the disposal of the rebels voluntarily by the persons who furnished them with money to pay for it, either there are individual rebels who have a right of property in it or not. If there are, it still belongs to them until their property is diverted and transferred to their Government by a legal process. They could have sued here, and could still sue, for their property, subject to any liens there may be on it. But if there are no determinate individuals to whom it belongs, or,

what is the same thing, no individuals who can prove a title, it must remain in the hands of its possessors; and they will have a title good against all the world, which they would equally have although they never advanced a farthing on it. It is part of the risk which rebels run that they place their property in the hands of persons against whom they have no legal remedy, unless they adopt the precaution of having representatives who act as individuals on their behalf, and can as individuals sue their foreign consignees. The weak and, as it seems to us, the fatal point in the case of the United States, is that their Government has no right of property in the cotton; and if this is the view taken by the Court, it will perhaps be some satisfaction to the triumphant Federals to know that it is because the English Court considers the Confederates to have been simply rebels that it cannot give the relief that is asked.

#### THE FENIAN FARCE.

AT Prospect House Classical and Commercial Seminary, an enthusiastic young gentleman—the cock of the school—fired by the traditions of JERRY ABERSHAW, sometimes absconds with the noble purpose of living in a cave and levying contributions on the QUEEN's highway. He is usually brought back to his senses and a caning by the undignified interference of the housemaid. Sometimes a higher flight of rebellion is meditated, and heroes in corduroys hold deep counsel on the necessity of barring out the obnoxious pedagogue. Sometimes the insurrection goes so far as to victual and arm the schoolroom with sixpennyworth of buns and a gimlet. We cannot recall a closer parallel to the inchoate Fenian rebellion. The Cato Street conspiracy was not half so ridiculous, though the assassination intended was on a less heroic scale. Mr. THISTLEWOOD and his nigger did not provide more ample munitions of war to subvert the British Empire than a few hand-grenades, but then they proposed only to cut off the whole of Lord LIVERPOOL's Cabinet at a single explosion. The Fenians, tolerably mild, nobly compass the extermination of all classes above themselves, especially including their spiritual pastors; but for this indiscriminate massacre they have poorly provided themselves with two or three hundred pikes and 5,000*l.* Looking at the work proposed to be done, the preparation made by the head centre of Fenianism is therefore less than the materials got together by the last gentlemen who were executed for high treason. In mere bloodthirsty wickedness there is not perhaps much to choose between the two plots; but, as might have been expected, the Irish rebellion is, of the two, at once the most savage and the most ridiculous. The only encouraging consideration about Irish rebellions is that each is a good deal more childish than its predecessor. There was really some dignity about '98, and there was something like a grievance, with a chance of redressing it. The wounds of Ireland were green and open; and French sympathies in those days, when war to thrones and altars and property was not a figure of speech, were something to be depended upon. Again, Europe was rocking to its base when SMITH O'BRIEN declared himself to be the heir of a hundred kings. But, by a process of reasoning peculiarly Irish, the very moment when the most formidable insurrection—for so we must now style the Confederate struggle—of modern, or perhaps of any other, times has been put down by superior force and has yielded to superior resources, has been selected to try an appeal to arms against the most powerful Empire on earth, on the part of a few labourers and the staff of a single obscure newspaper. It really takes an effort of faith to set down these people as rational beings. As the schoolboy reads the world in the Memoirs of Turpin, so we find a living Irish editor, or at any rate his reader, who is lower in the scale of intelligence than a savage. Mr. TREVELYAN tells a story of a Sikh soldier, who observed that the Sepoys would not have mutinied had they ever stood at the door of a London hotel. We must give Mr. LUBY and Mr. STEPHENS credit for never having even heard of London, if we are to consider them higher in the human hierarchy than Thugs.

For this is the real consideration. It is all very well for scientific ethnologists to trace the landmarks of advancement down the descending stream of time; but we have men of the stone age, and worse, at our very doors. Bishop BUTLER speculated and moralized on the possibility of a nation going mad; but here are human beings, after twenty centuries of civilization, with no more sense than cannibals. It is even worse, for they seriously justify their atrocities by the example of man in his most savage and debased state. The spectacle before us is that of a people who write news-



papers, and write upon a principle. They argue that property is robbery—which has been said before—but robbery which can only be retrieved by assassination. The owners of property "must be hounded down by the Liberal press, and slain afterwards by the hands of an aroused and infuriated people. . . . "Everything else is nonsense." Or, as another doctor teaches, and one who goes straight to the means for compassing this delightful end—"The standing crops must be burnt, and the cattle houghed on a dark winter night." And not only are the Duke of LEINSTER, the Earl of ORMOND, and the Marquis of SLIGO proscribed by name, but "to exterminate the aristocracy" is proclaimed to be the duty "of every honest revolutionist." This is the language of one of the editors of the *Irish People* and one of his contributors. But it is too much to hope that O'KEEFE and LUBY are mere maniacs brooding over theoretical communism and the abstract doctrines of tyrannicide. Fools and madmen as they are, they possessed the confidence of those who in some way or other represent 300,000 expatriated Irishmen, and at least a considerable number of domestic incendiaries, to whom the notion of midnight murder and arson is neither a novelty nor a crime. Landlord murder by instalments is a recognised Irish institution, and a Fenian Vespers would not present itself to the patriotic mind as more than the logical carrying out of a legitimate political argument. Very possibly it will be found that the rebellion rent transmitted regularly from America never amounted, nor was intended to amount, to much. But even the few thousands of pounds sent over were quite enough to purchase an incalculable amount of misery and wrong, and perhaps of blood. To think of putting down the British Empire by three newspaper writers is an idea which might only suggest itself to the Tooley Street tailors; but that a LUBY should exist at all, and that this sort of thing should have been going on for many months, only leads up to the terrible conviction that it is likely to go on. The very means by which all sensible people have thought to ameliorate Ireland, as the phrase goes, the Irish incendiaries have been wise enough to find out that it is their interest, and their duty, to make impossible. Emigration was the first panacea. Irishmen have emigrated to such an extent that Ireland presents the solitary phenomenon of a European country with a vanishing population. But the emigrants only spend their new wealth in plotting against the prosperity of their abandoned fatherland. If they are prosperous abroad, it is only to subsidize treason at home. The Encumbered Estates Act was passed, and worked successfully in improving the landlord's position. But, the better the landlord, the more hateful is he to the Fenian policy. He may be an excellent father, kind husband, and even benevolent neighbour, "but the landlords must be slain by the *sans culottes*," only because "estates are consolidated." This is what has come of the "Court in Henrietta Street," which has created a new and extensive class of landowners. Then, again, the Irish Church is the standing wrong of Ireland, we have been informed; and the only way to pacify Ireland is to endow the parish priests. But the *Irish People* has not been slow to discover that the Roman Catholic Bishops and clergy are at least Christians; and the praiseworthy efforts which they have made, both at home and in America, to discountenance treason have been answered by a fierce howl for their blood, as the prime enemies of Irish liberty. In English capital and manufactures, again, we have been assured, and very justly, are to be found the main elements of Irish revival; but what says Mr. O'KEEFE? "The wealth of the Ulster linen lords is prodigious"; but if the Ulster linen lords do not make common cause with the Fenian rebellion against the landowners, let them look to it. If "a hair of the Fenians is touched, the Ulster manufacturers are to be mulcted." The ingenious "Major O'DOHERTY," who furnishes the plans for firing corn-fields "with a bit of cotton rag," and for "houghing all the cattle on the lands from which the people have been ejected," will not be slow to concoct means for firing the warehouses and factories of Belfast and Londonderry. It comes then to this—that to encourage emigration, to promote improvement of Irish estates, to endow the Roman Catholic clergy, and to set up manufactures, are the very things against which the Fenians are conspiring. They have the diabolical cunning to see how Ireland might be improved; and they set themselves to resist any and every means of improvement, and to make Irish prosperity a physical, because a moral, impossibility.

No doubt the obscure fanatics who now await their trial for high treason do not represent and cover the whole of Irish patriotism. We do not argue that Irish disaffection, as a whole, ever intended to go the lengths suggested by the writers of the *Irish People*. Nor would it be fair to implicate in this wicked madness all the foolish fellows who have taken the Fenian oath of alle-

giance and have sworn to take up arms for the Irish Republic. And it may turn out that much or all of the evidence already offered to support the charges against the Fenian leaders cannot be substantiated. But we are bound to believe either that the documents found in possession of the prisoners are forgeries, or that they do fairly represent the principles of the Fenian plot. As the ground and means for a successful rebellion, nothing can be more ridiculous and contemptible; but as a sign of the condition of Ireland and the temper of the Irish mind, nothing can be more formidable and deplorable. It requires very few desperate men to perpetrate assassination and arson on a tremendous scale. It may be strictly true that in the columns of the *Irish Nation*—as O'DONOVAN ROSSA, the proprietor, and LUBY, one of the editors, assert—communism and assassination have not been openly advocated. It would be very strange if these things did find their way into print; but the private correspondence between LUBY and his collaborateur O'KEEFE must be proved to be a fabrication before we are prepared to treat the Fenian plot as an insignificant affair in its bearings on the future of Ireland.

#### RECONSTRUCTION.

THE more zealous Republicans are taking serious alarm at the rapid reconstruction of the Southern States. There is perhaps some force in the argument that the pardoned seceders must be supposed to retain the passions and opinions which precipitated the South into the disastrous policy of secession. In a figurative as well as in a literal sense, a wound may heal too fast, and those who lately denounced the rebels as unpardonable traitors may naturally shrink from the immediate reunion which is the consequence of their own military triumphs. It is impossible for strangers, and even for the Americans themselves, to appreciate the benefits and disadvantages of a policy which is nevertheless one of two indispensable alternatives. It was possible to treat the States of the Confederacy for a time as conquered enemies, at the risk of incurring their subsequent refusal to resume their place in the Union. No sagacious observer for a moment believed that a desultory warfare could continue after the defeat and surrender of the regular armies, but it seemed not improbable that sullen or calculated disaffection would render the government of the South either impracticable or fatal to Republican institutions. In the early part of the struggle it was said by an English writer, with more plausibility than foresight, that it was easy to understand why the North was fighting, but not what it was fighting for. In other words, it seemed wholly useless to subdue the Confederates unless they could subsequently be compelled or induced to co-operate in the task of reconstruction. If the conflict had been less desperate, and the result less decisive, the Southern leaders would probably have persuaded their fellow-citizens to substitute political inaction for formal secession; but the ruin which has overtaken the Confederate cause has taught the losing party to grasp readily at any offer of effectual relief. It is easier to acknowledge irresistible superiority of force than to acquiesce in the chance which may have inclined the scales of fortune against one of two equal combatants. There is no reason to doubt that the Southern States have finally renounced the doctrine of separation, and that their aspirations have assumed an entirely new direction. The Republicans can scarcely be sincere in expressing the suspicion that rebellion may revive under the sunshine of returning prosperity. The issue is decided for several generations, and the institution of slavery, which formed the real cause of quarrel, no longer threatens the stability of the Union.

It is the undoubted duty of the Government of the United States to protect the coloured population in the freedom which has been conquered by Northern arms. It is, indeed, not improbable that a despised race will be neglected and persecuted, although it can no longer be held in legal bondage. As, however, the Constitution provides no Federal administrative machinery, except for limited purposes, it becomes necessary to choose between the perpetuation of military rule and the provision of constitutional securities for the rights of the negroes. The PRESIDENT has, in every instance, made the abolition of slavery by each separate State a condition precedent of readmission within the pale of the Union. The Convention of Mississippi set the example of compliance with a just and peremptory requisition. Under the new constitution of the State, compulsory servitude, except in punishment of crime, is absolutely abolished; and the Legislature is charged with the duty of making proper laws for the protection of the freedmen. By other resolutions, the Convention determined that the

ordinance of secession was null, but at the same time the legislation of the last four years was retrospectively sanctioned. Alabama has followed the example of Mississippi, except that it has more consistently rescinded the ordinance of secession. Even South Carolina candidly acknowledges the defeat of her favourite doctrines, and consents to accept the not unreasonable terms on which her re-admission depends. In all the Southern States the poorer classes have necessarily controlled the Conventions, because the owners of 4,000*l.* in land or in goods are still provisionally disfranchised. The remarkable Correspondent of the *Times*, who appears to have become the official organ of the PRESIDENT, asserts that the ostensible severity of the proclamation of amnesty was only intended to prevent any political opposition on the part of the class which was supposed chiefly to have promoted the rebellion. If the statement is true, the return of the Southern States to the Union will probably be followed by the withdrawal of the invidious exception; but as the same apologist has, in his enthusiasm for his patrons, substituted an income of 4,000*l.* for a principal of the same amount, in his version of the amnesty, it is impossible to trust implicitly in the accuracy of his reports. It is, however, better to misrepresent an executive act than to curry favour with parties in power by premature exhortations to murder.

The PRESIDENT is probably aware that, in acting on his old political convictions, he incurs a risk of disappointment. As a Southern Democrat he was pledged to the advocacy of the rights of the States, and he is now satisfied with the accomplished vindication of the paramount claims of the Federal institution. His policy, if it proves successful, will thoroughly obliterate all but the beneficial consequences of the civil war; and, at the worst, the revived contumacy of the South might be dealt with on the system which is recommended by his antagonists. There is no better mode of judging of the expediency of any course of action than to contrast it with the rival project of an opponent; and, unless American affairs are hopelessly incomprehensible to Europeans, a confident judgment may be formed of the comparative wisdom of Mr. JOHNSON and of the more thoroughgoing Republicans. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and Mr. SUMNER, who may respectively be considered the principal leaders of the Republican party in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, have lately taken occasion to announce their opinions of the present crisis in public speeches. Mr. STEVENS, with the apparently paradoxical candour which characterizes uncompromising logicians, affirms the belligerent condition of the late Confederate States; or rather, he contends that the Federal Government is at liberty to adopt an assumption from which he proceeds to deduce some startling consequences. In the first place, he fairly admits that the vanquished leaders are exempt from all legal consequences of their acts. Their supposed treason has been merged in their character of parties to a regular war, and the jurisdiction of the municipal courts is consequently displaced. It must not, however, be supposed that innocence of a technical crime involves, according to Mr. STEVENS, immunity from the results of a grave political error. The tender mercies of a Republican theorist are seldom practically mild. Like the Inquisitors of former times, and the September patriots of 1792, Mr. STEVENS tenderly dismisses his victims from the clutches of the law, desiring them to go in peace to meet the reception which awaits them outside. The Confederates, it seems, are not culprits, but they are defeated enemies; and, as Mr. STEVENS forcibly remarks, the lives and property of the vanquished were, according to primitive doctrines of war, absolutely at the mercy of the conqueror. Not that even a Republican Abolitionist would put several millions of his countrymen to death. It is enough for Mr. STEVENS to confiscate all the property of every Southern combatant beyond the modest limit of 2,000*l.* The PRESIDENT's amnesty looked like a formidable menace, but, even if it were fully realized, it falls short of the sweeping measure dictated by Republican animosity. Between GONERIL and REGAN it may be permitted to prefer the less unnatural persecutor. Mr. JOHNSON's 4,000*l.* "doth double" Mr. STEVENS's 2,000*l.*, and the Democrats are therefore "twice the love" of the Republicans. If it turns out that the PRESIDENT, after all, represents the forgiving CORDELIA, the South will still more definitively prefer an unexpectedly magnanimous benefactor. Mr. SUMNER is less openly bent on the robbery of his enemies, but he urges upon his party the expediency of governing the defeated States by military authority until the repentance of the population has been fully tested, and especially until the privileges of the negroes have been amply secured. It is fortunately not difficult to foresee the issue of the unequal contest. The

power conceded to the PRESIDENT is so vast that Mr. JOHNSON might probably have adopted without resistance the views of Mr. SUMNER, if not of Mr. STEVENS. As, however, he has preferred common sense, justice, and humanity, wisdom supported by official power will be found irresistible. The prospects of the freedmen may reasonably excite the solicitude of their well-wishers, and it would perhaps have been prudent to insist on a limited power of Federal interference as a condition of restoration to the Union. Nothing, however, can be more disadvantageous to the negro race than to represent their interests as the principal obstacle to the restoration of peace and constitutional harmony. Whatever may be the dreams of philanthropists, it is certain that the majority of Americans prefer the revival of the Union to any consideration which can be deduced from the position or the prospects of the negroes.

#### ELECTION EXPENSES.

STATISTICAL enthusiasts will be puzzled to reduce the returns of election expenses to a uniform average. The acknowledged outlay varies in almost every two boroughs, and in some cases it is to be feared that obscure and unrecognised agents may hereafter still further disturb the simplicity of electoral calculations. Under the most favourable circumstances, an uncontested borough seat may cost no more than 150*l.* South Wiltshire, where the successful candidate in the late election spent more than 5,000*l.*, has perhaps not reached the opposite extreme of costliness. It is generally supposed that the South Yorkshire election was far more expensive, and the great Westminster contest must have cost an enormous sum to the two candidates who depended on their own resources. The law which provides for the publication of the returns seems to have a beneficial operation. When wavering honesty is in danger, there is much advantage in a good excuse for resisting the blandishments of the tempter. Many candidates might have been induced to engage a Man in the Moon if they had not been compelled by statute to employ a known agent, who could scarcely venture to distribute sovereigns in the back-parlour of a public-house. The charges for agency, however, still form one of the heaviest items in the cost of elections. Mr. GROVE, now member for South Wiltshire, paid 3,875*l.* for "agents' bills, charges, and payments"; or, in other words, for the support and assistance of local practitioners. It is perfectly reasonable that a solicitor who is employed in an election should receive sufficient remuneration, but it is unfortunate that a professional body which exercises almost irresistible influence should be open to retainers in business which has nothing whatever to do with law. A curious inquirer would find that payment for the services of a solicitor practically purchases the votes of his clients, and of their dependents and debtors. If purity of election is at some future time tested by a nicer standard than that now recognised, the mysterious charges for agency will be largely reduced. In political contests, as in war, the rivalry of belligerents renders the struggle more burdensome, without making it less unequal. If both parties were prevented from paying professional agents, the canvass would perhaps be conducted less efficiently, but neither side would be injuriously affected by the change.

English opinion is habitually tolerant of moderate profusion, though it is offended by reckless extravagance. There are few cheap pleasures to be had, and it is, on the whole, thought natural that an object of almost universal desire should be attained only at considerable cost. Although candidates grumble at the necessity of paying a fine of 500*l.* or 1,000*l.* on their admission to the House of Commons, they may console themselves by reflecting that they would be hampered by additional competition if the choice of representatives was gratuitous. It would not be difficult to select various kinds of charges which appear to be absolutely wasteful, as they also savour of indirect corruption. The prudent candidate takes it for granted that some of his supporters have a vested interest in the engagement of a brass band, and in the process of plastering the walls with exhortations to vote. No elector is likely to be influenced by reading the name of a candidate in the corners of the streets in red or black letters half a yard long; but printers and billstickers and authors of placards may possibly have votes of their own, or means of controlling the votes of others. Even country newspapers are more enthusiastic in their conscientious advocacy of a cause which is vindicated in long and frequent advertisements. It is impossible to judge whether the apathy of successive Houses of Commons on questions of election expenses proceeds from the fear which members entertain of their supporters, or from a secret belief that it is desirable to exclude penniless adventurers from Parliament. The number of candidates from the



lower middle class is surprisingly small, and perhaps the dread of an expensive contest tends to secure a monopoly which is, on the whole, advantageous to the country. The annual expenses of membership are, however, scarcely less burdensome than the cost of elections. The usual subscriptions to races, to hospitals, and to other local institutions, amount in some counties to 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year; while to persons who ordinarily reside in the country the expense of living in London for five months is not inconsiderable. Probably the most revolutionary change which could be introduced would be the payment of members.

Mr. MILL, who has since found how widely English practice differs from ideal perfection, has frequently expressed his opinion that members ought to be returned, not only free of expense, but without solicitation or the exercise of personal influence. As, in fact, candidates are more anxious to be elected than constituencies are to find suitable nominees, there would be little advantage in a display of the virtuous hypocrisy of indifference. Mr. MILL stated, with perfect sincerity, that although he was willing to serve his country in Parliament, he had no private ambition to gratify; and he was therefore consistent in declining to take an active part in the contest. It is not, however, every candidate who has already made a great reputation, and there are few who feel a philosophic indifference to their own opportunities of attaining eminence and power. It is not an unworthy object of desire to form a part, and perhaps a prominent part, of the only sovereign assembly in the world; and even to the humblest and most prosaic aspirant the House of Commons recommends itself as the pleasantest club in London. A member of Parliament, though he may not have risen into the social aristocracy, is always regarded by the bulk of the community as a person of definite rank and importance. He has the right to ask interviews with Ministers on business; he dines in his turn with the Speaker; and probably he receives some condescending notice from the leaders of his party. Mr. MILL would perhaps rather dine at home, and he might, if he thought fit, display affability to others, instead of becoming its object; but institutions and habits are regulated by the motives which operate upon ordinary persons, and election expenses consequently represent the wishes of the educated and wealthy classes, and not the deliberate convictions of profound and famous writers. A seat in Parliament is dear, as a house in Mayfair is dear, because there are numerous persons with plenty of money who wish to occupy the premises; and the general desire is not even condemned by experience, because it is known that those who have once been members are never again happy out of Parliament. Of all human occupations, except attendance on Royalty, the duties of the House of Commons seem to be the least disappointing.

An ingenious pamphleteer undertook some years ago to prove that bribery was expedient or excusable, on the pretext that constituencies had no reason for preferring one candidate to another if they were precluded from the opportunity of deriving personal benefit from their choice. The paradox was too immoral to be profound, for the sale of a public trust is intrinsically culpable. Even in the worst of times only a small fraction of the whole number of elections was habitually determined by bribery, and the marvellous equanimity of the pre-Reform generations was never wholly reconciled to the coarsest form of corruption. Some counties took a pride in historical contests between the representatives of their principal families, and aged local politicians still chuckle over the subsisting mortgages which record the former ambition of wealthy or titled candidates. Yet it was never thought respectable to buy a seat from the voters, although the owners of nomination boroughs habitually and openly sold their privileges to strangers. In the corruptest boroughs of the present day, there is often an odd kind of understanding that an old member shall be returned without paying for his seat, while less favoured candidates are required to bid against one another for a disposable majority. Even, however, in a modified form, direct bribery has become intolerable; and there can be little doubt that, if any gross cases are proved against a small borough, the offence will be justly punished by disfranchisement. On the other hand, it is impossible permanently to deprive a populous commercial town of its share in the representation, and fortunately large constituencies have lately been, for the most part, tolerably pure. Some curiosity will be excited by the proceedings of Election Committees in the early part of the ensuing Session. In the last Parliament, the Committees were comparatively tolerant of minor irregularities which had previously been treated as fatal to the validity of elections. It is possible that a reaction may take place, or, on the other hand, that trivial aberrations will be

regarded with still greater leniency. The number of petitions would probably have been larger if the returns of election expenses had not been published.

#### THE FRENCH WITHDRAWAL FROM ROME.

IF the *Patrie* is to be believed, a first step is about to be taken towards withdrawing the French troops from Rome. The EMPEROR's determination to carry out the Convention of September was never really doubtful, though Italian Republicans have gloomily predicted and Catholic Bishops immodestly advised an Imperial breach of faith. As a European negotiator, NAPOLEON III. has rarely shown himself otherwise than loyal; and a flagrant diplomatic fraud would be quite unworthy of the part which he wishes to play before the eyes of his generation. With respect to Rome, in particular, he has been franker and more plainspoken than usual. Any mystery that is supposed to hang over his future movements has been conjured up by the wishes and fears of interested parties, and ought not to be traced back to any fancied obscurity in his own declarations. On the one hand, the Catholic world knows, or should know from serious and continued warnings, that France no longer intends to spend men and money in the maintenance of a gross system of ecclesiastical misrule. On the other, the Italians have been as carefully and as loudly informed that the French are not disposed to tolerate the European scandal of a POPE being driven from his throne by the ambition or intrigue of a Catholic neighbour. The line which the EMPEROR is resolved to steer by the light of his own star is difficult and dangerous enough. He trusts to be able to take Rome from the Cardinals and the Jesuits, without giving it to Italy. This *via media* would leave the POPE and the Italians both equally dissatisfied; and Ultramontanists and Liberals, though from different points of view, agree in hoping that some strong current of circumstance or opinion will drive the EMPEROR either upon Scylla or Charybdis. Politicians may plausibly deny the existence of any such middle channel through the rocks as that which figures on the Imperial chart; but if NAPOLEON III., by his nerve or his ingenuity, succeeds in finding one, Europe will have no right to complain that he has deceived either Italy or the Catholic Church.

The Roman Party of Action has learnt by experience and reflection to hold the French in prudent awe, and will scarcely interrupt the process of withdrawal by ill-timed agitation. Until the last French soldier has departed, and perhaps for a little longer, Pontifical gendarmes will easily discharge all military duties, except that of standing fire in the presence of the brigands. They will attend mass with desirable regularity, keep order in the narrow Roman streets, and kneel on State occasions to receive the POPE's blessing with even more evident satisfaction to themselves than could be expected from French Zouaves. But the most devout police in Europe requires to be fed and paid, nor will it be easy for His HOLINESS to maintain and discipline an army sufficient for the exigencies of his position. At this moment disaffection is repressed less by the presence of a well-appointed French contingent than by the popular conviction that the whole French army on the other side of the Mediterranean is within forty hours' sail. When the Romans have assured themselves that the Zouaves are finally under way, and are not likely to return, a conflict with the Papal guards will be any moment upon the cards; and such a conflict, in the present temper of the Roman populace, might be attended with deplorable results. In reply to the threat of a Roman dignitary that, if the French left Rome, the Cardinals in a body would leave on the day after, General MONTEBELLO is said to have significantly remarked that it would perhaps be wiser for His EMINENCE and his friends to start the day before. Personally, Pio Nono is not unamiable or unpopular; but a priest, in the jaundiced eyes of a Roman, is the emblem neither of industry, piety, nor chastity; nor is a detested class likely to be forgiven because of individual specimens of virtue and goodness. Not a few Romans have personal and secret injuries to avenge, and in an *émeute* more wrongs are often avenged than have ever been suffered. It is but too possible that personal atrocities might accompany any outburst of popular feeling in the Roman capital. Yet any but a rose-water revolution at Rome would disgrace the cause of Italy, and alienate the susceptible opinion of Liberal Europe. The Italians have every reason to be anxious about what will happen at Rome when the French are gone. Fortunately, there is good ground to think that in the last fifteen years they are a changed and sobered people. This time the best men at Rome may perhaps be strong enough to take into their own hands the conduct of a

critical affair. A tardy and incomplete attempt at reform on the part of the Vatican might, indeed, place the Roman Liberals in a serious, and even desperate, position. But from this danger they seem to be preserved by the blind obstinacy and genuine sincerity of Pío Nono. All, indeed, that the Roman people want the Vatican could never with decency pretend to give. It cannot consent to abandon at Rome the perquisites and privileges for which its Bishops are doing battle all over the habitable globe. Popular education cannot be made free, nor public discussion be allowed on subjects of religious or scientific controversy. The Church cannot, within its own territories, admit of a public ventilation of those modern theories about government, about civil and religious liberty, about the relative limits of Church and State, which Encyclical after Encyclical for the last forty years has been condemning elsewhere as impious and immoral. That the POPE should satisfy the Romans is, therefore, out of the question. But, had he the wisdom of the serpent, he might find it worth his while to make a show of concession just sufficient to blind the eyes of Europe. Italy may be thankful that he is far above this gentle hypocrisy. Like many feeble and fanatical princes, he is unquestionably sincere; nor would he like to offend Heaven by even temporarily pretending to abate one jot or tittle of the maternal pretensions of the Church. PROVIDENCE, in the fulness of time, will, if it pleases, bring Rome back to the feet of St. PETER; but for the Church to sanction French notions of government and popular right would be a deadly and irretrievable sin. So confident and conscientious a wrong-doer, who is ready to bear martyrdom sooner than listen to common sense, is enough to drive great politicians like NAPOLEON III. to despair. Yet it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The stubborn fatuity of Pío Nono at least preserves the Romans from the perilous blessing of unreal reforms, and from the sham promises of concession and amendment in which less pious monarchs largely deal.

There has never in modern times been a political question which, in respect of complication and difficulty, can compare with the Italian. Part of the perplexity is due to the fact that the three great actors in the drama have irrevocably pledged themselves to conflicting lines of action. Like WHISKERANDOS and Sir CHRISTOPHER in the *Critic*, the POPE, the King of ITALY, and the French EMPEROR are all at a dead-lock. The conscience of the POPE bids him nail his colours to the mast, and sink his vessel sooner than reform. The King of ITALY could never again look his subjects in the face if he were to abandon his designs on Rome. NAPOLEON III., meanwhile, has committed himself, too deeply for withdrawal, to the forlorn hope of making Italy unambitious and the Papacy pliant. At first sight it would seem as if Mr. SNEER were right, and "they must all stand there for ever." It is probable, indeed, that the dead-lock would have continued during the French EMPEROR's lifetime, if, for the sake of his dynasty, he had not determined to force the question to an earlier issue. The Imperial resolve that the storm, if it comes at all, shall come in the next two years at latest, is wise and even patriotic; but it is not necessary to believe that NAPOLEON III. himself is clear as to the way in which future events will shape themselves. Upon the whole, the list of possible contingencies is not so wide as might appear. That the POPE should consent of his own free will to the conversion of Rome into the seat of Italian monarchy is a supposition which may be dismissed. Centuries of habit have made temporal pomp and power a necessity to the Bishop of ROME, and he would with difficulty learn how to sit side by side with the greatest of earthly kings. The magnificence of the Papacy dates pretty nearly from the time when Imperialism migrated from the Tiber to the Bosphorus, and the splendour and trappings which provoked the wonder of AMMIANUS would, as he suggests, have lost half their lustre in the vicinity of an imperial or a regal Court. It is more rational to expect that Pío Nono, if he still persists in refusing all reform, will go into splendid exile—at all events for a time. A permanent divorce between Rome and His HOLINESS would indeed be a heavier blow to Catholicism than can be easily expressed. The Catholic Church has hitherto ridden triumphant through many a black storm, chiefly on account of the extraordinary vitality of her discipline and the greatness of her prestige. An exodus from Rome would be equally fatal to prestige and to discipline, and the Church of Rome has now spiritual rivals ready to take advantage of all her intervals of weakness. Reviewing the history of the past, and speculating by analogy on the prospects of the future, Lord MACAULAY was of opinion that the Roman Catholic system was, humanly speaking, imperishable; but he perhaps underrated both the strength

of Continental scepticism and the growth of political opinion among the masses. Great systems do not perish easily, and Roman Catholicism may certainly be expected to outlive even the Emperor of the FRENCH; but it is plain that with the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome begins, not only a serious trial for Italy, but as serious a crisis for the Papacy itself.

#### A SCANDAL OF JOURNALISM.

ON Tuesday last the *Morning Star* published a list of "The English Victims to the Rebel Loan." This list purported to have been printed in the New York papers of the 19th of September, and certain sums set opposite each name represented English investors in the Confederate Cotton Loan, and "an estimate of the losses sustained by them respectively." The figures were large, but there was a very unhistorical aspect about them. A critical eye in an instant detected cooking and manufacture. Just as, in mythical narratives, round and complete eras and cycles occur, so there was in this list an artificial aspect which could only be mistaken by those who wished to be deceived. The symmetrical apportionment of losses to the real or supposed means and social standing of the adventurers, checked and modified and intensified respectively by their avowed sentiments in favour of the South—and ranging from the princely fervour of Sir HENRY DE HOUGHTON's zeal, appraised at 180,000*l.*, to the tepid enthusiasm of Mr. ASHLEY, which only warmed up to 500*l.*—was so very transparent a specimen of a fictitious event that, had this absurd list been only quoted as the last New York *canard*, it might have been passed over as a sorry but malicious joke. It need not be said that there was a coarse, insolent spice of personality in it, as befitted the New York press. Two gentlemen intimately connected with the *Times*, and one the registered proprietor of the *Morning Post*, figured for sums very creditable to the New York estimate of the pecuniary position of London newspapers of the first class. But when, just as an afterthought, Mr. GLADSTONE's name closed the list as a victim to the extent of 2,000*l.*, it could only have been the most malicious virulence of party, or the deepest intensity of stupidity, that could pretend to misunderstand this document. Indeed, to do the New York papers justice, they do not pronounce the paper to be authentic. All that is asserted is a wish "to enlighten the London journals by the following list." The sole object was to hoax those who were anxious to be hoaxed.

We do not say that the *Morning Star* was hoaxed. The *Morning Star* knew the fictitious character of the list of victims as well as we did. Good feeling, good taste, or propriety of any sort was not to be expected from the *Morning Star*, nor perhaps was good sense. But a certain intelligence above that of idiocy is to be looked for even in the lowest of London journals. To believe, therefore, that the *Morning Star* believed itself when it professed to accredit the New York joke, is an imputation on that journal on which we do not venture. So the *Morning Star*, for its own purposes, gave the list, with an accompaniment of two leading articles—one directed against Mr. GLADSTONE, and the other against the conductors of the *Times*. Of course there was the usual ingenious affectation of disbelief, as far as the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was concerned, coupled with the plainest insinuations of all but proved guilt. As regarded the *Times*, not even this flimsy attempt at hypocrisy was put forward. The Editor and City Correspondent were openly charged with having written in favour of the South only in the interests of the Confederate Loan, of which they were large holders. So direct and personal was the charge, that a special article in the *Times*, much in favour of the Confederates, was traced to the day on which the loan was issued. Of course it was published only as a Stock Exchange manoeuvre to force up the new stock. And yet more, by way of infusing blacker venom into the attack, the New York list was spoken of throughout as "official"—"from official sources"—a lie which, only to do them justice, we must say the New York fictionists did not venture on.

It need hardly be added that, as far as is yet known, the list is a mere piece of mendacity. Most likely it does include the names of some capitalists who have invested, and of course lost, in the Confederate Loan; but the principal persons concerned, and to damage whom it was especially constructed, have denied that they ever held a shilling of the loan. There would be no disgrace if they had; but, as a fact, they had not. Mr. SEYMOUR'S 40,000*l.* and Mr. BERSFORD HOPE'S 40,000*l.*, Mr. ASHLEY'S 500*l.*, the 25,000*l.* invested by the *Times* and the 4,000*l.* of the *Post*, Mr. GLADSTONE'S little slice of 2,000*l.*, and Mr. LAIRD'S sumptuous 20,000*l.*, are all indignantly denied. In fact the whole thing



is proved to be—what everybody of sense knew it to be—a vulgar insolent horse joke, sadly characteristic of American journalism, and we fear sadly congenial to American taste.

But how about the *Morning Star*, the only English newspaper which affected to believe this misshapen slander—the only one which, for personal and party purposes, ventured to hint that a newspaper like the *Times* could sell itself for such miserable hire as this? We have often had occasion to differ from the *Times*; now and then we have been called upon to point out what we believe to be its errors in fact, taste, judgment, or policy. But, as was said of Lord PALMERSTON, we are all of us in a way proud of the *Times*, and we know that its editor is just as incapable as we are of doing that which the *Morning Star*, with scarcely a simulated kind of disbelief, charged him with. Nay, we will say more. We honestly believe that there is not a man connected with any London paper who would have acted as the *Morning Star* assumed the editor of the *Times* to have acted—except, of course, the editor of one newspaper, which we leave to the *Morning Star* to specify. But does the calumniator apologize? By no means. It is really doing Mr. GLADSTONE and the gentlemen of the *Times* a very great favour to give them an opportunity of saying that they are not rogues, that they have not misused their position, that they have not prostituted their opportunities, that they have not abused that confidence which their country and honourable men place in them. On the whole, the English victims of this impudent hoax ought to be very grateful to the *Morning Star*. Possibly. We have seen this argument before. There was once a newspaper called the *Satirist*; nay, there were two newspapers, the *Age* and the *Satirist*. There is even now (or lately was) a little shabby obscene penny print, called *Peter Spy*, which we once had the misfortune to see. The practice of these journals is to select some unfortunate man or woman, and to charge them with every filthy vice. The charge is disavowed; but the vindication of the libeller is always forthcoming. The purveyor of scandal and defamation, and the slanderer of innocence, like the *Morning Star*, thinks that nothing is so foolish as to complain of putting into print any scandal, because it gives an opportunity of contradicting it. That is to say, it is the right thing to publish to the world, of any honest man, that he is said to have forged a bill, or of any honest woman that "it is whispered about from coterie to coterie" that she was discovered, &c., because everybody ought to be grateful for the opportunity of publicly declaring that he or she is neither felon nor harlot. As there is but one English newspaper which could have committed the offence of the *Morning Star*, so there is but one which could on these grounds justify it.

#### PINNACLES OF GREATNESS.

A SUCCESSFUL man, provided his success has not been obtained by any utterly nefarious means, is always a most exhilarating person to think about. Failure, either downright and absolute or comparative, is so prominent in the world, that the contemplation of the fortunate beings who have not failed is an excellent way of bracing oneself up. A conspicuous instance of splendid success has just occurred in the City of London. The Lord Mayor Elect announces that he is one of the happy few to whose vows the gods have lent a listening ear. "You have realized," he said to the assembled liverymen, "the day-dream of my early life." The day-dream of the infant Phillips was that he was Lord Mayor. He sought after the ways of liverymen in his youth, and in his age they have not forgotten him. Step by step he has climbed up to this toilsome but august elevation. On the ninth of next month he will put on the graceful robes and step into the glass-coach. On that auspicious day he will know that his apotheosis is complete, and that he has passed into the sphere of the City immortals. It is really quite charming to think of all this. Perhaps we may not sympathize very enthusiastically with the precise direction of Mr. Phillips's youthful aspirations. Still, in its own way, it is no doubt an uncommonly fine thing to ride about in a great glass-coach, and hear yourself called My Lord, and receive letters addressed to yourself as "The Right Honourable." Then it must be very nice to keep a live chaplain, and to have as much green fat as you like, with the peculiarly succulent official flavour about it. But whether we like chaplains and turtle and glass-coaches or not, the man who confesses that the day-dream of his early life has been realized, and therefore that, after his year of office, life will be without an unfulfilled desire, is in a position which it is most delightful and improving to meditate upon.

The splendid elevation of a big glass-coach is not the only object of human desire. The day-dreams of early life obviously embrace all forms of blessedness, from the ploughboy's vision of eternally swinging on a gate and eating pie, up to the woollack and Lambeth Palace. To be very rich, to write a great book or paint a fine picture, to go about lecturing to artisans, and bullying or pampering the poor, and improving other people's minds, to be a

member of the House of Commons—these are some of the commonest dreams of the best part of Young England. Of course they are only modifications of the one or two simple desires which have animated people ever since the world began. The love of wealth and the passion for public reputation are the two most comprehensive expressions of the various sorts of pinnacles which active-minded men long to occupy. In Juvenal's time the vows most familiar at every shrine were for increase of riches, that the suppliant's money-chest might be the biggest and fullest in the market-place. Perhaps, if it were still the fashion to hang up waxen tablets on the statues of the gods, the prayer for riches would still be found inscribed upon most of them. But the prayer is offered in a different sense from that of antiquity. Nothing would please a modern less than to keep a huge chest full of gold in the forum. He wants money either to spend or to invest. If he spends it wisely in graceful and refined luxuries, he is doing perhaps the best thing he can in a rich commercial country, where there is no fear of the industrial spirit growing too weak. If he invests it in building new mills, in reclaiming waste lands, in employing more labour, the more lavishly the prayer of the waxen tablet is gratified the better for the community. The hunger for gold ceases, in modern times, to deserve its old epithet of accursed. The attempt to console the traveller with an empty purse by the assurance that he might sing in the presence of the highwayman is no longer efficacious. The odious and wasteful practice of hoarding merited all that could be said against it. But hoarding is the last thing which would occur to anybody who seeks the pinnacle of the capitalist. Besides the reproach of the satirist and the philosopher, the man who set his heart upon being rich has had to endure the warning of the devout. The satirist told him that, if he made money, he would tremble at the shadow of every reed that shivered in the moonlight. The preacher admonished him that, though he might save money, he would imperil the saving of his soul. But neither philosopher nor preacher nor satirist has been able to keep afloat among thoughtful folk the old doctrine that poverty is a virtue. We may laugh heartily at the "perfect ovations" with which it appears that certain English railway capitalists are being received in the United States; and when we remember Sir Morton Peto and Mr. Kinnaird, it is excessively funny to read the mighty aphorism of the American journalist that "the capitalists of a country are its brains." Still, without exactly admitting this very hard saying, it must be granted that the greatness dreamt of by the capitalist is a much more laudable and useful element in the world than the pinnacle which poor Ignatius aspires to occupy by living on the eggs and pots of jam which the faithful of Norwich charitably present to the monastery. The people with whom the accumulation of riches is the day-dream of early life are not always the most agreeable friends. They are very often hard and coarse and narrow, and when the dream has come true they are apt to be arrogant and patronizing. This is a matter, perhaps, of original thinness and sourness of blood. If the dream had not come true, they might very likely have been nearly as stupid and unpleasant in some other way.

The passion for fame has been subject to as much reprobation as the desire for riches. Indeed, philosophers have been even more contemptuous towards it. The lover of riches can go home and look at his gold in a box, or gloat over his banker's book. The people may hiss at him, but he applauds himself, and has something tangible by way of support and encouragement. But the man who seeks the bubble reputation, whether at the cannon's mouth or in the Lord Mayor's glass-coach, literally gets nothing substantial to grasp. The Roman satirist would have had no sympathy with Mr. Phillips's day-dreams of early life. His spleen would certainly have overflowed,

si vidisset Prætorum curribus altis  
Exstantem, et medio sublimem in pulvere Circi  
In tunica Jovis, et pictæ Sarrana ferentem  
Ex humeris aulea togæ.

Here, too, the divine has backed up the satirist, and the folly or even wickedness of wishing to be known of all men has been abundantly pointed out from the pulpits of every sect. The immortal funeral orations of the most eloquent of French preachers are only the Tenth Satire set to more solemn music. It is absurd to trouble oneself about fame, because even kings and princes come to dust and ashes in the long run. But the argument has ceased to carry the old weight. The virtue of humility or contentment has not, it is to be hoped, been blotted out of the catalogue of human excellences, only it is not interpreted in the old way. We should not think any the better of a man who sate periodically on his own front door-step and asked alms of the passers-by. The modern humility consists, not in keeping close to the ground and doing as little as possible, but in doing as much as possible with a clear consciousness that it is not so very much after all. The poet or the painter whom the success of his work inflates with conceit and fiery arrogance has done better than if he had shut himself up in a cell by way of screening his soul from the temptations of pride. Indolence is justly thought in our times a much worse vice than arrogance. But it was not always so, and even now it is not so among religious people of a certain stamp. Anything which bears the stamp of worldliness—that is, of ordinary human interests and desires—is, with large sets of persons, viewed as mortal sin. The tendency, however, is all against this way of thinking. The sets of people who oppose the tendency are becoming both less numerous and a great deal less influential than they have been. It is only in very small circles that the dream of raising oneself to a pinnacle is held

to be a sign of a reprobate mind. The crimes of ambition are not now fashionable themes for schoolboy declamation. It has been discovered that in private life ambition does not necessarily beget little Hannibals and unscrupulous Napoleons, but, on the contrary, is only the most efficient motive for enabling a man to make the best he can of himself. The man whose day-dream in early life has been to become Lord Chancellor is all the more likely to gain the seat of a county-court judge. In fact, it is said that nobody ever gets on at the Bar who has not at first a distinct resolution and confidence that he will rise to the wool-sack. This may be an exaggeration. Probably it is. But, at all events, nobody now considers ambition a vice or a defect. A man who aspires to scale the dizzy heights of the City Mayorality may be open to the charge of an appalling foolhardiness, but, if his confidence in his own powers be not ludicrously misplaced, a desire to rise is perhaps the chief element in the act of rising.

The principal reason, indeed, why so many people fail to secure for themselves the particular pinnacles of honour and glory which they have at one time or another been bent on gaining is that the bent has not been strong enough. They have not kept the glass-coach constantly and singly before their eyes. And at present it is more difficult than it ever was for a man of ability to keep himself running, without turning aside for a moment, in the one groove which he has chosen as the road to fortune or fame. If the wool-sack has been his day-dream, he is diverted from the law by a too cultivated taste for letters. If he yearns to be a bishop, in order to gain his wish he will probably have to keep his views within bounds that not every man is willing to respect. If he feels his soul burn within him at the thought of some great book which is to shed new light upon the progress of mankind, besides immortalizing his own name, he constantly and at every turn finds himself seduced into all sorts of outlying subjects which take up time and fatally divert his interest. The men who occupy the great commanding pinnacles of the social temple are those who have never relaxed a muscle while they were clambering up to it. Of course a good many of these coveted elevations are engaged. The people who mount up build nests there, and the next generation has no trouble. The work of ascent has been done for them. But, in the case of the disengaged points which are still left open to merit, the one thing needful seems to be a sufficiently strong anxiety and determination to get there, undisturbed by any shadows of anxiety to do anything else. The all-importance of this singleness and devotion is proof enough that a man ought to think a long time before he either decides to climb a pinnacle at all, or settles what particular point it shall be. Perhaps, after all, it is not all splendour aloft. It is just possible that the glass-coach may prove rather less comfortable than a common cab. We should not be surprised if some of the new men who have reached that grandest of all pinnacles, a seat in the House of Commons, should find that it is not such a very great and glorious thing. It must be very hard, however, just to get the day-dream of one's early life fulfilled, and then find that it is still a dream for all that.

#### LAUGHTER.

NOTHING is more calculated at once to puzzle and to irritate the jovial part of mankind than the philosophy of laughter. It contrives at once to divest laughter of its mirth and to deprive the laughter of any honest appreciation of a joke. No toy ever stood worse an investigation into what it is made of. Pride, says one, is the origin of all laughter; you are stimulated by vanity, or by a sudden glory over the thing or person laughed at. Laughter, says another, is an affection arising from a sudden check or reverse to a strained imagination. This process, though by no means grateful to the understanding, does nevertheless, indirectly and for a moment, produce a certain lively gratification. Our expectations are balked and suddenly vanish; hence a play of ideas, and this excites a play of the powers of life—an instantaneous removal of the mind from one subject to another, which is answered by a reciprocating contraction and dilation of the elastic parts of the viscera; and these being communicated to the diaphragm, it throws the air out by sudden jerks, and occasions a healthy concussion. This alone, says Kant, not what passes in the mind, is the true cause of the pleasure derived from a thought which in reality contains nothing; and he illustrates his point by certain stories, which made the philosopher laugh in obedience to his own principles, but which do not provoke all his readers to the same agreeable convulsions. Now everybody will go along with the demand for suddenness as one requisite for mirth. We all know how hard it is to laugh when laughter is led up to and expected of us; but a merry fellow, not used to analyse his emotions, naturally demurs to the inference that, when he laughs, he is prouder or vainer than his neighbour who never sees the point of a joke, while he is still less inclined to accept the theory that he is amused because his imagination receives an abrupt check. He believes himself to laugh simply because the joke is good. If he has any feeling of superiority over others, it is in what he vaguely calls his sense of the ludicrous. But a little inquiry will most likely show him that this sense of the ludicrous commonly means the enjoyment of some other person's ridiculous situation, or, at best, of some dilemma of his own from which, at the moment of self-ridicule, he is escaping or has escaped. In the same way, it is not obvious to the child who laughs immoderately at the sight of a slip, or a stumble, or any other small disconcerting mishap which befalls his

better, that he rolls and shakes with a sense of his own superiority. The fact is, he is enjoying a reversal of the usual state of things. He is uppermost; secure in his chair, he sees his friend fall between two stools, and finds the joke irresistible. So far there is something in the argument that laughter arises from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves. All that can be said is, that it is not a recondite form of pride, and does not prove any settled self-conceit. We are vain rather of our fortune than of our merit, on the sudden electric perception of our own momentary distinction as compared with another's momentary degradation. A sustained deliberate pride would, for example, have rather prevented than encouraged that fit of laughter which has preserved to posterity the name of a certain Marquis of Blandford. He, being noted for laughing upon small provocation, was once convulsed for half an hour together on seeing somebody fillip a crumb into a blind fiddler's face, the fiddler returning whenever the "ludicrous idea" recurred to him. An habitual sense of superiority would have prevented this sudden glory at sight of a beggar's helplessness under insult.

The laughter of rustics and uneducated people, simple as it is, is perhaps more distinctly open to this charge of pride than that of the refined humourist or wit, because with them it is indissolubly and consciously associated with the idea of a butt. They do not know how to be merry without a victim; there must in every society be some one person to make sport for the rest. The notion is a primitive one, being as old as the days when the gods laughed with an inextinguishable laughter at Vulcan's limp; and, as in his case, the butt's weak point must be a very obvious one. Hence it is that idiots and demented persons are such a source of delight to street boys; positive drivelling imbecility sets off their own parts. And with all classes and ages it is a sure method of raising the mirth of a company to stimulate it consistently in one direction, and towards some acknowledged peculiarity, though the thing may be managed with more or less delicacy. For while it will be found that most laughter is at personalities, the "honest natural open laugh" of the unsophisticated fool is not more different from the "faint constrained half-laugh" of the wit than is the joke or pleasantry that calls forth these very dissimilar demonstrations. The fool roars at seeing his best friend in some awkward fix; the wit "smiles a little," or laughs in his sleeve

Those nicer faults to find

Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind.

There are personalities which lie so hid under a disguise that they are not readily known for such. The humourist and the cynic have each a knack of investing with human weaknesses things, animate and inanimate, in which plainer minds can see no analogy to human nature. We have known a man of quaint fancies laugh till the tears ran down at seeing a rat peep out of a hole. He caught a touch of humanity in the brute's perplexed air; he guessed at something behind the scenes imperious to our grosser vision. A bird, frumpish and disquieted on a rainy day, suggests to such a man some social image of discontent that makes capital fun for him. He can improve these lower creatures into caricatures of his friends, or of mankind at large. Mr. Formby owned himself unable to help "laughing out loud" in the presence of Egyptian antiquities, with the Memnon at their head; he laughed at an ancient civilization, at the men of the past personified by their works. Saturnine tempers can only laugh at imminent danger or positive calamity; mortal terror is the most ludicrous of all ideas to them. Mr. Trollope represents Lord de Courcy, who had not laughed for many a day, exploding at the notion of his neighbour earl having been all but tossed by a bull; and the joke would have been better still if the bull had had his will. This tendency is frequently to be seen with a defective sympathy, and we believe the things that make men laugh are an excellent clue at once to intellect and temper. Many a man does not betray the tiger that lurks within him till he laughs. Those who laugh ill-naturedly are sure to fail us, and to disappoint expectation, on some serious occasion. The universal cause of laughter is incongruity, or oddness of some kind suddenly apprehended; but the sort of incongruity that directly moves to mirth depends on a hundred qualities. Indirectly, the same joke touches the most opposite tempers; much of the laughter of the world is merely contagious; it spreads like an epidemic, and is nothing more than an agreeably hysterical affection. And this laughter, which owes least to any effort of the brain, is probably the most health-inspiring; at any rate, it inspires the proverb, "Laugh and grow fat."

But there is a laughter which comes, not from sympathy, nor yet from ideas naturally provocative of mirth, but simply because the system requires it. There is much that starts from the diaphragm, and thence, like the fumes of Falstaff's sack, "ascends me into the brain." Things not ludicrous in our normal state are made ludicrous to supply a need. We are not speaking of that habitual trifling temper which turns everything into a joke, but of that physical rebellion against gloom and depression which watches, in spite of the man's self, for relief to the overwrought nerves. There are times when the body craves for laughter as it does for food. This is the laughter which, on some occasion or other, has betrayed us all into a scandalous, unseasonable, remorseful gaiety. After long abstinence from cheerful thought, there are few occasions so sad and solemn as to render this inopportune revolt impossible, unless where grief absorbs the whole soul, and lowers the system to a uniformity of sadness. In fact, as no solemnity can be safe from incongruities, such occasions are



not seldom the especial scene of these exposures—of explosions of a wild perverse hilarity taking the culprit at unawares; and this even while he is aghast at his flagrant insensibility to the demand of the hour. This is the laughter so often ascribed to Satanic influence. The nerves cannot forego the wonted stimulus, and are malignantly on the watch, as it were, to betray the higher faculties into this unseemly indulgence. Thus John and Charles Wesley, in the early days of their public career, set forth one particular day to sing hymns together in the fields; but, on uplifting the first stave, one of them was suddenly struck with a sense of something ludicrous in their errand, the other caught the infection, and both fell into convulsions of laughter, renewed on every attempt to carry out their first design, till they were fain to give up and own themselves for that time conquered by the Devil. There is a story of Dr. Johnson much to the same purpose. Naturally melancholy, he was yet a great laughter, and thus was an especial victim to the possession we speak of, for no one laughs in depression who has not learnt to laugh in mirth. He was dining with his friend Chambers in the Temple, and at first betrayed so much physical suffering and mental dejection that his companion could not help boring him with remedies. By degrees he rallied, and with the rally came the need of a general reaction. At this point Chambers happened to say that a common friend had been with him that morning making his will. Johnson—or rather his nervous system—seized upon this as the required subject. He raised a ludicrous picture of the “testator” going about boasting of the fact of his will-making to anybody that would listen, down to the innkeeper on the road. Roaring with laughter, he trusted that Chambers had had the conscience not to describe the testator as of sound mind, hoped there was a legacy to himself, and concluded with saying that he would have the will set to verse and a ballad made out of it. Mr. Chambers, not at all relishing this pleasantry, got rid of his guest as soon as he could. But not so did Johnson get rid of his merriment; he rolled in convulsions till he got out of Temple Gate, and then, supporting himself against a post, sent forth peals so loud as, in the silence of the night, to be heard from Temple Bar to Fleet Ditch. We hear of stomach coughs; this was a stomach, or ganglionic, laugh.

The mistimed laughter of children has often some such source as this, though the sprite that possesses them has rarely the gnome-like essence. A healthy boy, after a certain length of constraint, is sometimes as little responsible for his laughter as the hypochondriac. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in describing, and even defending, a Puritanical strictness of Sabbath observance, recalls the long family expositions and sermons which alternated in her youth with prolix Meeting services, at all of which the younger members of the household were required to assist in profound stillness of attention. On one of these occasions, on a hot summer afternoon, a heedless grasshopper of enormous dimensions leapt on the sleeve of one of the boys. The tempting diversion was not to be resisted; he slyly secured the animal, and imprisoned a hind leg between his firmly compressed lips. One by one, the youthful congregation became alive to the awkward contortions and futile struggles of the long-legged captive; they knew that to laugh was to be flogged, but after so many sermons the need was imperative, and they laughed, and were flogged accordingly. Different from all these types is the grand frank laugh that finds its place in history and biography, and belongs to master minds. Political and party feeling may raise, in stirring times, any amount of animosity, even in good-natured men; but once bring about a laugh between them, and an answering chord is struck, a tie is established not easily broken. Something of the old rancour is gone for ever. There is a story of Canning and Brougham, after hating and spiting one another through a session, finding themselves suddenly face to face in some remote district in Cumberland, with only a turnpike gate between them. The situation roused their magnanimity, simultaneously they broke into laughter, and passed each on his separate way, better friends from that time forth.

No honest laughter knows anything about his own laugh, which is fortunate, as it is apt to be the most grotesque part of a man, especially if he is anything of an original. Character, humour, oddity, all expatiate in it, and the features and voice have to accommodate themselves to the occasion as they can. There is Prince Hal's laugh, “till his face is like a wet cloak ill laid up”; there is the laugh we see in Dutch pictures, where every wrinkle of the old face seems to be in motion; there is the convulsive laugh, in which arms and legs join; there is the whinny, the ventral laugh, Dr. Johnson's laugh like a rhinoceros, Dominie Sampson's laugh lapsing without any intermediate stage into dead gravity, and the ideal social laugh—the delighted and delighting chuckle which ushers in a joke, and the cordial triumphant laugh which sounds its praises. We say nothing of all the laughs—and how many there are!—which have no mirth in them; nor of the “ha ha!” of melodrama, and the ringing laugh of the novel, as being each unfamiliar to our waking ears. Whatever the laugh, if it be genuine and comes from decent people, it is as attractive as the Piper of Hamelin. It is impossible not to want to know what a hearty laugh is about. Some of the sparkle of life is near, and we long to share it. The gift of laughter is one of the compensating powers of the world. A nation that laughs is so far prosperous. It may not have material wealth, but it has the poetry of prosperity. When Lady Duff Gordon laments that she never hears a hearty laugh in Egypt, and when Mr. Palgrave, on the contrary, makes the Arabs proper a laughing people, we place Arabia, for this reason, higher among the countries than its old neighbour. And it is the same with homes. Wherever there is pleasant laughter, there inestimable memories

are being stored up, and such free play given to nerve and brain that whatever thought and power the family circle is capable of will have a fair chance of due expansion.

## OCTOBER POETRY.

THE minor poets, like brewers, seem to reserve themselves for a great effort in the month of October. The magazines of the month teem with unwonted quantities of verse. But unluckily the parallel does not hold good all through. The October brew of ale is the best in the year. The brew of poetry is the very stalest and washiest. Sound October ale is pleasant in the mouth and wholesome in the stomach, and, like wine, maketh glad the heart of man. But the poetry which has come into the market along with the ale produces just the opposite set of effects. It is as vinegar to the teeth and as smoke to the eyes; it is harsh to the ear, and empty and soulless to the understanding. And the most curious thing is that this season it is all the same. Out of the dozen sets of verses with which the autumn month is welcomed there is not found one decent set, no, not one. Can there be such a thing as an infectious murrain among poets, as there is upon the beasts of the field? If so, why does not the same providential rule which prevents a disordered cow from giving milk, extend to poets, and prevent them from giving verse? Bad verses, besides, leave us worse off than bad milk. If the cow fails, we may fly to the ass; but when the magazine poets fail, what other asses have we to fly to? The force of nature can no further go, and we are left verseless. No doubt there are some people to whom this lamentable failure of the monthly crop of poetry will be a serious deprivation. Somebody, we presume, must like magazine poetry, or else it would cease to appear. Or it may be possible that, like sermons, nearly everybody hates the poetry, but that usage and tradition, and the wishes of a weak-headed minority, prevent the abolition of so tedious and unprofitable an ordinance. However, we know there are persons who find even the thinnest discourse of the feeblest of curates largely useful for edification once a week; and so, very likely, there is a similar class who are equally delighted to surrender their emotions once a month to be stirred to their very depths by the washiest of poets, and find themselves braced by the process. It is so refreshing, so elevating, to be led away by the magic hand of the poet from the sordid cares and petty turmoil of everyday life, up into the purified regions of tender thought and lofty imaginings. Of course it is part of the theory of the perfect life, in our time, that a man ought to give his emotions towards the beautiful a bath or a brush-up at given periods. Poetry, as Mr. Tupper might say, is the wash-leather and brickdust of the soul. A mind tarnished and blunted by much use is rendered bright and sharp by a turn or two on the poetic knifeboard. On this theory it is clear that the poetry itself need not be bright or sharp. It is a notorious fallacy to conclude that the quality of the cause must resemble that of the effect. Anything will answer the cleansing purpose, provided it is printed so as to look like verse, and is written in a sufficiently vague style.

Under the name of “Good Cheer,” whose precise appropriateness not every reader will be so fortunate as to discern, Mr. T. Hood, in the current number of *Temple Bar*, seems to shadow forth this beautiful soul-yearning of the reader of magazines:—

What time life's weary tumult and turmoil  
Threaten my feeble struggling soul to foil,  
Which, faint and desolate, sinks with my sorrow's weight,  
Thus sings my heart to cheer me for the toil.

It is fair to ask how, if the poet's soul is so feeble and faint and desolate, his heart is so cheery? What is the difference between the soul and the heart in the verse? However, the poet goes on to find solace in a number of very picturesque and pertinent considerations. His singing heart discovers that “the threatening thorn is mother to the rose,” though, to an impartial eye, it is hard to see how the thorn is the rose's mother. Less disputable is the statement that “the greenest herbage owes its hue to rain”; but how can it be said that “the safest bays nestle round dangerous capes”? Surely a bay without dangerous capes would be just as safe. And is it quite true that “the clearest spring from prisoning granite ‘scapes’”? If it ‘scaped from chalk might it not be as clear? But it is unfair to be too nice. Anybody can see what our poet is driving at. He wants to cheer up his desolate over-worked soul; so he puts before it a variety of more or less untrue statements to illustrate the consolatory untruth that all that is best is made so by all that is worst; in other words, that his soul, if it have patience, will be all the better for a little hard work. We should think so too, only let not the work be in the department of poetry. No doubt, however, a great many people will be very much charmed by the pretty talk about safe bays nestling, and clear springs ‘scaping, and honest labour's hand pressing the rich wine from life's full grapes. Images are to a minor poet what terrifying anecdotes are to the agitators against Popery. Truth or probability in either is not of the slightest consequence. But the reader is not left to the rather cold comfort of “Good Cheer.” The same number contains some tremendously rollicking verses by another author. They are called a “Rhyme of Thames,” and begin:—

The autumnal sunlight was divine,  
This poetaster, lazy very:  
And so to dip two dogs of mine  
I strolled in the shade of Wargrave Ferry

The change from the third to the first person rather reminds one of the elegant construction, "Mrs. Smith presents her compliments to Mr. Robinson, and I do hope you will come," &c. But to the rollicking poet a trifling point like this counts for very little. Still he is scarcely justified in calling his lines a "rhyme" of Thames, when "moment" is made to answer "foam on't."

On the whole, however, we prefer the "Rhyme of Thames" to the rhyme of Rhine in *Macmillan*. The poet seems to have been reminded by the Rhine that life is full of vicissitudes, and that people who have been parted by circumstances, when they meet again years after, are quite like strangers. There is an appalling depth in the thought. It is so refreshingly new and original too. We are requested to look at a travelling youth reclining

On the little plank pier of the village,  
The village on banks of Rhine,  
With peasants brown from the tillage.

Then we are told that

The youth loses eyes of dreaming  
In the heat-haze luminous,  
Afar where the flood looks streaming  
From skies mysterious.

May "luminous" fairly rhyme with "mysterious?" Certainly, it may be admissible with a poet who makes

A phantom emerges dim

rhyme with

His heart rings a happy chime.

Or

Which glimmered in boy and maid

answer in rhyme and rhythm with

We find the past is dead.

Mr. Noel's way of telling us that the boy and maid kissed one another is peculiarly humorous:—

But their faces touch more nearly  
Than anything compels,  
If two young travellers merely  
Study the Drachenfels.

But gentle melancholy is Mr. Noel's strong point. For instance—

Yesterday's friends are gone;  
The man were not more another,  
Slept he under the stone.  
Still stands the pier of the village,  
But never from there again  
That youth with men from the tillage  
Eyes to the haze shall strain.

It is a comfort to find, by the modified repetition of the opening verse about village and tillage, that Mr. Noel distinctly knows a good rhyme when he has got one.

But the people who study *Macmillan* are not to be put off with a poor little poetic whimper like this. They are of sterner stuff. Life is real, life is earnest, to them. So there are some sombre verses on the "Matterhorn Sacrifice." The poet is dreadfully angry with the climbers:—

No Jungfrau now  
With crystal brow  
In stainless vestal robe can rise;  
No Alpine crest  
In quiet rest  
May wait beneath the Sabbath skies.

As for this, we may be pardoned for remarking that there never have been any Sabbath skies in Switzerland. Ben Nevis, or Ben Lomond, or the Grampians might grumble at losing the quiet rest beneath Sabbath skies; but only a Scotch mountain could ever think of such a thing. Again:—

The butterfly  
Might mount as high—  
To man what can such goal avail?  
Oh labour vain!  
Oh fearful gain!  
A ghastly grave, a country's wail.

The crushing contempt, as well as the irresistible reasoning, contained in the point that a butterfly might mount as high will not, we trust, be lost on the Alpine Club. Men are fools to climb mountains, because after all a butterfly can do it just as well. It is a wonder that the same keen-witted poet never thought of improving the occasion of poor Mr. Purkiss's death at Cambridge while bathing. The argument would be just as cogent. Because a brute can do a thing more easily than a man, gymnastics might be poetically put down; thus:—

The strong-limb'd horse  
Has as much force—  
To man what can such goal avail?

with chorus *ad infinitum*. So might bad poetry be extinguished:—

The slow-soul'd ass  
Can be as crass—  
To man what can such goal avail? &c.

After this strong drink of poetry, what can we say of the two or three hundred milky lines in which somebody in *Bentley* writes about the death of Tom Moore's widow?—

Lured by the sweetness of his song,  
Fashion built up a golden throne,  
Not one of that admiring throng  
But had been proud to be his own.

That is to say, all the people of rank with whom Moore dined would have been proud to receive him as a suitor for one of the daughters of the house. This is so uncommonly like the temper

of the English aristocracy. However, the verses are kindly enough, and the writer means well:—

Gay, thoughtless, brilliant, and adored,  
He turned to her, to her alone;  
For her his highest powers were stored,  
For her his deepest thoughts were known.

Tom Moore's *deep thoughts*!

Perhaps the most remarkable poetry of this very remarkable month may be found, not in the magazines, but in a book of its own. They are lines addressed "to a Young Lady who expressed a wish to join the Established Church." They begin—

The step you now have under consideration,  
Perhaps may be subject of congratulation.  
But that will depend very much upon the views  
Which incline you a new form of worship to choose.

Then, after saying that the Dissenters use a form in spite of the apparent spontaneity of their services:—

It still is a form to all save the speaker,  
As must own at the last e'en the novelty-seeker.  
That our prayers you admire is a proof of good taste,  
For their language is pure, comprehensive, and chaste.

Let the worshippers bring a devotional heart,  
In no service more holy can mortal bear part;  
And as for the creed you are taught to profess,  
In no other communion is conscience bound less.

The terms of church-membership no one need lose,  
Though the doctrines he hold of "Essays and Reviews" —

[there is surely a little jolt here]

As witness the late Privy Council decision,  
Which implies that the articles want a revision.

He may live in the world without giving offence,  
Nor of dwelling apart from it make a pretence —  
In the world we are placed, and by no segregations  
Can we keep ourselves pure or avoid its temptations.

This seems a mistake, of sheer folly the birth,  
In those who themselves seem the salt of the earth —  
If the salt be kept off from the food which it tends  
To preserve, is it strange that corruption extends?

And yet people say that the age of true poetry is past!

#### THE HANSE TOWNS.

NO greater external contrast can be imagined than that between the two regions, at the two ends of the German Kingdom, in which traces of old German freedom survive to this day. The old rural freedom, the primitive Teutonic democracy, lived on alike in the mountains of the original Switzerland and in the lowlands of Ditmarsh and Friesland—among the most southern of the High-Germans and among the most northern of the Low. In this case the southern commonwealths alone have survived to our times. The other form of republican freedom, and, among the Teutonic tribes, by far the later form—the freedom of cities as contrasted with the freedom of plains and mountains—has been more fortunate. Civic commonwealths, once spread over the whole of Germany, still exist and flourish at its two extremities, but, with the exception of solitary Frankfort, only at its two extremities. Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck are still as free as Zürich, Bern, and Geneva, and, though far less closely connected, still preserve some traces of the old union which made the great Merchant League the mightiest power of the North. As for Frankfort, it exists mainly as the Federal capital of Germany, which, as such, could hardly have been handed over to any one German sovereign. The three surviving Hanse Towns retain a far higher position. No one supposes that either of them, without foreign help, could resist a determined attack on the part of even one of the smaller neighbouring monarchies. The days when free cities could stand by their own strength have long passed away. The three northern commonwealths exist only by the sufferance and the mutual jealousies of their stronger neighbours, and by any relics of better feelings which may still exist among them. But this precarious sort of existence is not peculiar to the free cities; it is shared by them with all the secondary States, republican and monarchic. Bremen, unaided, could not resist Hanover, and Lübeck, unaided, could not resist Mecklenburg. But then Hanover or Mecklenburg, unaided, could just as little resist Prussia. This is one peculiarity, and by no means a pleasant one, of modern times. A small State can now always be conquered by a greater, if the greater State chooses to undergo the needful outlay of time, men, and money. It was not so either in ancient or in mediæval times. Still the free cities are threatened only as all small States are threatened. Bremen stands where she was. Austria, mistress, if she be mistress, of Holstein, is not likely to meditate anything against Hamburg. Whether Hamburg and Lübeck have gained by getting Prussia for a neighbour instead of Denmark is quite another matter.

The Hanseatic League, of the seventy or eighty members of which the three northern commonwealths are the only surviving members, forms a remarkable contrast to the "Old League of High Germany." The original object of the Swiss League was the defence and extension of political freedom; conquest was an afterthought; commerce, though of importance to some particular members of the League, was in no sort an object in the councils of the League itself. But in the Hanseatic League commerce was the life and soul of everything. The commercial union was older than the



political union. The community of German merchants was already powerful and formidable before the Governments of their several cities had taken any part in the matter. And when the society of merchants grew into a League of Cities, still commerce remained the one great object. Conquest, proselytism, the extension of the German speech and even of the Christian faith, were all incidental consequences; but everything of this sort was purely incidental, as purely incidental as have been the like consequences of the establishment of the Company of English Merchants trading with India. Now it follows almost of necessity from the quite different origins of the two Confederations that the one was in its own nature temporary, while the other had as good a right as any political institution can have to its favourite title of Everlasting. Both, like other human associations, were connected by the ties of interest, but the tie of interest which united the Swiss Cantons was one of a much higher kind than that which united the Hanseatic towns. There was nothing to bind the Hanse Towns together a day longer than their commercial interests required the union. The union between the northern cities was never so close as that between the Cantons, even during the days of their older and laxer union. And, when commerce passed away into other channels, and when the union no longer secured the same advantages to its members, it was felt that the usefulness of the League was past. The seventeenth century beheld the old Hanseatic League dissolved by common consent. The continued union between Lübeck, Bremen, and Hamburg was strictly a new alliance, and it was rather by sufferance than of any strict right that the new League was allowed to retain two valuable portions of the common property of the old—the counters at London and Antwerp.

How different the history of the Swiss League has been we need not repeat. But, besides difference of origin, another cause has powerfully contributed to union in the one case and to disunion in the other. The Hanseatic Towns lay scattered over a vast region, with the territories of various princes intervening between them. The Swiss territory has always been continuous, or nearly so, and it has gradually got more and more compact. How frightfully Geneva is hemmed in we need not say, but there is no Canton whose territory does not touch that of some other Canton, and, during the greater part of its extent, the Confederation has very fair natural boundaries. Everything, therefore, has tended to turn Switzerland into a real *Bundesstaat*; geographical reasons alone would always have hindered the Hanse Towns from forming anything more than a *Staatenbund*.

The Hanseatic Towns form, then, a political study of decidedly inferior interest to the Swiss Cantons; still the positive interest attaching to their past history and present condition is very great. We may regret that, out of the once goodly array of commonwealths, so few now remain; but it is evident that it is only a very few others which, in the present state of things, could have remained. And the three that do remain are no mere shadows, no mere antiquarian curiosities, but cities still flourishing as well as independent. Their relative importance has indeed been strangely inverted; their formal order of precedence, Lübeck, Bremen, Hamburg, exactly transposes their order as to modern riches and population. But the formal order of precedence is exactly the order of their attractiveness to the historian and the antiquary. Lübeck, indeed, is a city of such surpassing interest that we must reserve some remarks on it for a special notice. Hamburg, since the great fire, is to a large degree a modern city, and the older parts are in no way attractive. It has been described as, in the one half of its extent, looking like the new parts of Paris, and, in the other half, like the worst parts of Bristol. But Hamburg is far from rivaling Bristol either in its churches or its houses. Its cathedral has vanished; its finest church is modern; of houses to compare with the meanest at Lübeck, Lüneburg, or Rostock, a prying antiquary could find out only one. To the political student the republic of Hamburg is as valuable a study as either of its sisters. And there is something singularly striking in the remarkable union of business and pleasure which pervades the city. The Alsterdamm, on any evening, especially on a Sunday evening, is well worth seeing. The little river is dammed up into an artificial lake, and the long lines of lights reflected in the water, and the crowds of people enjoying themselves on both elements, form a cheerful sight indeed. But to the antiquary Hamburg is barren. Mr. Scott's new *Rathhaus* is not yet begun; we have our doubts whether it ever will be begun; if it is, we must really beg him to change its style from Belgian to North-German. But the church of St. Nicholas is going on merrily; the church itself is finished and is used for divine service, and the mighty spire is gradually growing up. It is probably the stateliest of modern churches, yet the first sight is disappointing. The engravings do not suggest that any part is of brick; the first glance shows that the walls are of brick, while all the pinnacles and other ornaments are of stone. Our counsel would have been to choose between brick and stone; and, if brick was chosen, to build wholly of brick in the brick style of the country. The inside, contrary to general opinion in the place, is to our taste far superior to the outside. The arcades are of stone, and all that is wanted to make it into a most noble interior is to have the brickwork of the vault and the aisle-walls plastered and painted.

Bremen comes between Lübeck and Hamburg in everything. To the antiquary it stands far above Hamburg, but in no way rivals Lübeck; as a great and thriving modern city, it is as distinctly surpassed by Hamburg as it surpasses Lübeck. The cathedral is more strange than beautiful; in the other churches,

partly brick and partly stone, a great deal that is curious may be made out, but they are disfigured in a way in which few North-German churches are disfigured, not only by houses being built up against them, but by the smaller chapels being systematically blocked off and desecrated. Some of the finest buildings in Bremen are cinque-cento. Many of the richest houses are in that style, and the splendid *Rathhaus*, though essentially Gothic, has been externally recast in that style. In this, as in everything else, Bremen holds a place midway between modern Hamburg and mediæval Lübeck.

To return to politics, the three cities can hardly be said to be any longer united by any formal Federal bond at all. They are in close alliance; they are bound together by the nearest traditional ties, and by a habit of common action in many respects; but it is merely habit, and not law, which unites them. It is usual for the three cities to commission and to receive the same foreign Ministers, but it is merely usual, and not obligatory. Each city retains full power of independent diplomatic action, and we believe that the right has now and then, though rarely, been exercised. The common property at London and Antwerp, which was really, after the dissolution of the old League, the closest tie among the towns, has now been sold. There is no common Federal power of any kind; only committees of the three Senates meet when any common action is to take place. One institution, which might easily be mistaken for a branch of Federal administration, must be carefully distinguished from it. For the purposes of the German Confederation, the three cities are grouped together with Frankfurt. Among other things, a supreme court for all matters subject to appeal in the four cities sits at Lübeck. But Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck appear at it, not as members of the Hanseatic League, but as members of the German Confederation. If anything, it would prove the existence of a subordinate Confederation of four cities, within the German Confederation, and distinct from the Hanseatic; but it is hardly necessary to resort to such a subtlety.

The internal constitutions of the three cities have, after a good many changes, settled down into nearly the same model, that of Lübeck being a little less popular than the other two. The common powers of a Parliament are vested in an elective *Bürgererschaft*; the government is in a Senate whose members are chosen for life. On a vacancy in the Senate, the *Bürgererschaft* names three candidates, of whom the existing Senate chooses one. The chief Magistrates and Presidents of the Senate are the *Bürgermeisters*, who still retain the title of *Seine Magnificenz*, while that of *Seine hoch-und-wohl-Weisheit*, which formerly belonged to the Senators, is gone out of use. Their Magnificences are chosen at Lübeck for life; in the other cities for a term. It will be at once seen that the constitution of these cities is much less democratic than that of any of the Swiss commonwealths, though it is no longer the mere oligarchy which it must have been when the Senates simply filled up their own vacancies.

The territory of these commonwealths should be traced on the map. Bremen seems the worst off, having only a small district hemmed in by Hanover and Oldenburg, together with the detached port of Bremerhaven. Lübeck, on the other hand, though it has several detached possessions, has the great advantage of having both sides of its own river from the city down to Travemünde. Hamburg is less fortunate, though it has secured Cuxhaven at the mouth of the Elbe, and one or two points on the left bank of the river. But the mass of its territory runs inland away from the city, while, as every one knows, Altona close at its gates is—one hardly knows what to say—whatever the rest of Holstein is to be called. But beyond Holstein lies a region on the Elbe side, filled with the country-houses of Hamburg citizens, who have thence to go in and out into a foreign country. If Holstein were distinctly Austrian, possibly Austrian necessities might be inclined to sell this district to the rich republic, and so to let good come out of evil. But what would Count Bismarck say to extending the area of freedom? And, after all, Freedom has something to bring to the charge of the republicans themselves. It is strange that, in the year 1865, *Perioikoi* still exist in Europe, and, what is more, *Perioikoi* who have to serve two masters. The district of Vierland, including the town of Bergedorf, is held in *condominium* by Lübeck and Hamburg; the people have no votes in either commonwealth, and all offices are appointed to by the two cities in turn, like the Bailiffs of the old Swiss common territory. Another district, of which the sovereignty is in Hamburg, while the *dominium utile* belongs to the King of Hanover, is another political curiosity.

In running over the history of these commonwealths, it must not be forgotten that, for a few unlucky years, they were French—not even placed under some mockery of a King of Westphalia or a Grand-Duke of Frankfurt, but absolutely French, incorporated with the French "Empire," *chefs-lieux* of French departments. The thing seems almost incredible, but look in the Hamburg Address-Book, and in those three or four fatal years their Magnificences and Wisdoms made way, in the official lists, for the Prefect of His "Imperial and Royal Majesty." They did not, however, altogether obliterate the records of an Imperial and Royal Majesty of older date and more legitimate pretensions. On the coins of the cities—not on those most recently coined, but on most of those which are current—if not the image, yet at least the badge and superscription, of Cæsar occupies as prominent a place as the arms of the independent commonwealth. Hamburg especially had every reason for proclaiming its connection with and allegiance to the Empire. For its rank as a *Reichstadt* was all along disputed by the sovereigns of Holstein, and it was only in

1768 that the greatest, though the youngest, of the three commonwealths was formally emancipated from their claims, and, by consent of all, knew no king but Cæsar.

#### THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE time has perhaps not yet arrived for writing the natural history of the Social Science philosopher. The breed has scarcely become thoroughly acclimatized. We have, indeed, been long acquainted with certain closely allied species. The British Association has survived the difficulties attending the first introduction of a new type of humanity. It has been laughed at till the joke has grown stale, and been puffed till even puffery has lost some of its malignant influence. It has taken its place amongst the accepted institutions of the country; and we now know pretty well what to make of it. If it has not produced any very startling change, it has at least shown sufficient claims to justify an enduring vitality. The outside world may fail to enter entirely into the motives which collect scientific men to talk science to a crowd in the middle of September, when they might be doing something else; but it at any rate accepts the fact, as it accepts the annual migration of herrings, or the flight of swallows, or the rush of the Alpine Club up precipitous icy mountains. It is one of those instincts of which we are satisfied to determine the law, without seeking to investigate their origin too closely. But the appearance of an analogous phenomenon amongst a different class still excites a certain interest, although partly justified by the precedent. We are startled by the rinderpest breaking out amongst sheep, though we have become accustomed to its ravages among the cattle. The symptoms, however, are decidedly modified by the peculiarities of the class newly affected. A Social Science philosopher presents well-marked specific differences, which it will be the task of the future historian fully to analyse and classify. One of his main difficulties will be caused by the quantity of the spurious article in which the genuine enthusiast is enveloped and partly concealed. Almost any straw is sufficient to serve as the nucleus of a crowd. If one man stands still in the Strand, and gazes steadily at nothing in particular, he will be speedily environed by a multitude gazing with equal steadiness to see what he is looking at. On the same principle, a small body of genuine philosophers in a town, especially if they have secured for their chief so distinguished a man as Lord Brougham, act as a centre of gravitation for a crowd of would-be philosophers, and of a still larger mass of people staring at the would-be philosophers. It would therefore be unjust to assume that the Association, if probed to its core, would reveal nothing but the material which we discover at the surface. We are justified in presuming that some of the distinguished Presidents of Departments, and others who bear office in the body, have really some excellent motive; they do not all come together merely to talk "sociology," and to hear "sociology" talked. Probably some of them have some sense of humour, and feel that the proceedings of their mimic parliament have a certain ridicule attaching to them, and that therefore they serve some good purpose, for which it is worth while to encounter ridicule.

It is, indeed, only too evident that such a meeting infallibly attracts many rather unpleasant varieties of humanity. Thither will infallibly resort every one who has a quack nostrum to produce, and every one who can get nobody to listen to him at home, and every one who has bad taste enough and a sufficiently thick skin to enjoy heartily the sound of his own voice, exercised at the expense of other people's ears. These gatherings exercise a specific attraction upon many modifications of the vast genus bore. There is the gentleman who suffers from an unbridled propensity to do business—who takes a genuine delight in getting up meetings, and serving upon committees, and conducting an endless correspondence. There are men who are made quite happy by standing behind a green baize table with a decanter of water upon it, and introducing a distinguished stranger to a crowded audience. They revel in making small arrangements, and in being omnipresent and omniscient throughout the scene of operations for a week, and they receive their full reward in a cordial vote of thanks proposed by the chair, and carried unanimously. They probably serve some good end in the economy of nature, as does the humble bee, who is happy so long as he is buzzing. Then, of course, there is the bore of one idea. He believes, for example, that the future welfare of the civilized world depends upon the utilization of sewage. He considers that the great test of the relative merit of different nations is the use that they make of their sewage. He puts down any day as lost in which he has not devoted hours to propagating just ideas upon sewage. So long as he can be dilating upon his savoury topic, he is thoroughly in his element; and if he can meet a few kindred spirits in whose minds all other subjects of thought group themselves with reference to sewage, he approaches as near to perfect happiness as this world admits. What he would do in a world where his favourite branch of study might be inapplicable, may be doubted; but so long as he is in this, he is nowhere so likely to be surrounded by a sympathizing circle as at the Social Science Association. There are, of course, endless other varieties which chime in harmoniously with these. There is the professional orator, who holds that speaking is speaking; there is the gentleman with a grievance, to whom an audience is an audience; and there are the ladies whom the prejudices of a too conservative country still persist in excluding from their natural field in the pulpit or the senate-house. And outside of those who find a genuine interest in the proceedings, there is the crowd of persons attracted by accidental motives. There are local magnates, who

derive a certain glory from their familiarity with cosmopolitan visitors, and who carry on a tolerably brisk trade of mutual compliment with the officials of the institution. A man naturally likes to be told that he is entertaining angels, and to answer that he is perfectly aware of it; he believes that he is in some sense helping on the cause of progress, and thereby surrounding his year of office with a reasonably cheap halo of glory. Finally, to arrive at the very outskirts of the crowd, there are always people who will submit to breathe bad air, with compressed toes and elbowed ribs, for the pleasure of staring at anybody whose name they have ever heard before.

Still, by making a hasty summary of these outside layers, we do not discover the constitution of the kernel; we have not disinterred the grain of wheat which lies buried beneath this mountain of chaff. We should certainly wrong the Social Science Association, or any other body which had survived so long, by assuming that it was entirely composed of bores, busybodies, disappointed orators, ambitious provincials, and gazers at notoriety. On the contrary, there must be some very solid, if rather heavy, ballast, to save the very flimsy superstructure from premature foundering. At the same time the nature of the attracted bodies may throw some light upon the magnet which draws them together. The common peculiarity of the great mass of the Association is that they are apt to be merely amateur reformers. Their scientific prototype consists, to a great extent, of men to whom the subjects discussed have been a profession or the employment of a life. They are hard workers enough to enjoy talking over their work at leisure. The very reverse is apt to be the case with their imitators. Social Science reformers are often men for whom the Association represents the nearest approach to practical discussions. They are lawyers who have never been at the Bar; educational theorists who have never taught in a school; and political economists who derive their knowledge of working-men and trades' unions from newspapers or novels. Everybody is entitled to talk about matters so simple as law reform, or the elevation of the poorer classes. Now the regular soldier can scarcely but cherish a certain contempt for the volunteer, unless the volunteer disarms him by a genuine humility; but humility is the one virtue in which these sociological volunteers are apt to be deficient. They are ready to tell the most experienced general that he differs from them by sheer force of old-fashioned prejudice. Consequently, most men of experience listen to them with something of the feeling with which William III. saw a clergyman going into battle. It requires either a very strong stomach or a very strong sense of duty to induce a sensible man to sit out patiently these sham debates, which the performers take with such appalling seriousness. And we need not doubt which is the commonest qualification. A sense of duty is very strong in some men, but it is rarely strong enough to induce a man to make himself ridiculous. Moreover, we may safely assume that few people are driven to the Association by a sense of duty, unless it is most abnormally developed. Duty sometimes compels a man to be a bishop, contrary to his sincere inclinations, or to become an orator, though unaccustomed to public speaking; at least, we can sometimes charitably stretch our imaginations to believe it. But a man must have a conscience of microscopic power to discover the necessity of discoursing sociology to a section. We fall back, therefore, upon our other explanation, that the men who are the salt of the Social Science Association must have uncommonly strong stomachs. They must be men of a robust and imperturbable faith. Probably they are deficient in that sensitiveness which makes a man blush for the misdeeds of his company; there are some people who are sufficiently self-sustained to be impervious to the contagion of ridicule. Or, sometimes, a different process may take place; they may be effectually shielded by a vanity from which the strongest intellects are not always freer than others. The general body may have an occult sense of the advantage derived from their presence, and of the most effectual means of securing it; and it may ward off any danger of their being startled by providing a good comfortable shield of flattery. No men are more capable of discharging this kindly office. A body in which each man has a crotchet, and is on the look-out for an appreciating audience, easily forms itself into a Mutual Admiration Society; and, of course, the directors of the Society get a lion's share of the dividend. By whatever means men of ability reconcile themselves to the various discomforts of their lot—whether they are thick-skinned by nature or lap themselves against ridicule in a serviceable coat of adulation—they succeed somehow in keeping themselves steadily at work. They continue imperturbably and vigorously to pour out floods of talk, which undoubtedly do good. The exact efficacy of the process known as ventilating a subject may be hard to define, but the Association certainly leads to a good deal of ventilation. It is an excellent advertising medium for such projects as Mr. Hare's suffrage scheme, or the co-operative societies, or the rights of women. Perhaps it is the most effective way of making those parties heard who have not yet got their cries painted upon placards or perambulating vans. And although such schemes will want a process of sifting which cannot really be said to be even begun at a Social Science meeting, it cannot be doubted that it is very desirable that they should pass into the general arena of discussion. The apparatus for doing this is no doubt very cumbersome; it gives a great chance for every variety of quack and charlatan to puff himself as well as his scheme, and it creates a noise and stirs up a dust altogether disproportionate to the work done. Still it cannot be denied that, when refined by a due amount of criticism



and ridicule to dissolve the nonsense, there is a minute residuum of something useful at bottom, and, till a simpler method has been devised, we may put up with it in default of a better.

Meanwhile, it is rather amusing to witness the efforts of a body of philosophers turned loose into the whole field of human knowledge. With the exception of one or two enclosures that have been fenced off by rival bodies, such as the British Association or the Church Congress, there is scarcely any restraint upon their caprices. The annual address of their President is apparently intended to stimulate this ardour for universal knowledge, unless it is partly intended to illustrate the universal knowledge of the President. In this point of view it is undeniably remarkable that Lord Brougham should continue yearly to impress crowded assemblies by his familiarity with the whole circle of knowledge embraced in the singularly elastic term, Social Science. Few men could make such an exhibition of their powers at his age, and perhaps still fewer would. It implies an unusual thirst for knowledge to acquire the materials for the display, and an undimmed sensibility to praise to accept as sufficient recompense the most sweet voices of the Social Science philosophers. Few men care to perform gymnastic feats for the benefit of a crowd after they are eighty. Lord Brougham, at any rate, plunges into his performance of intellectual gymnastics with a vigour which we cannot but admire. He laments the loss of Mr. Cobden, and, with still more emphasis, of Mr. Cassell; glances at Reform Bills, throws off a scheme or two of his own, corrects historical blunders of Lord Russell's, sketches the progress of the co-operative movement, remarks on Working-men's Clubs, on education, on the law of partnership, on the equitable jurisdiction of county courts, and on fifty other subjects, winding up with foreign politics and an admonition to the foolish enthusiasts of the Alpine Club. That body will learn that Mr. Hastings, the Secretary of the Association, although he went to Berne, did not sanction their follies by going up a mountain. Nor, unless they have concealed their misdoings from Lord Brougham, did any other member of the Social Science Association. We admire Mr. Hastings' self-denial, and suggest that he should go next year as a Social Science missionary to endeavour to reclaim some of these enthusiasts at Zermatt or Chamouni; for we fear that they may as yet be sufficiently hardened to retort that no member of the Alpine Club has been seen at Sheffield. The distance from Reform Bills to the Matterhorn enables us to guess at the area over which the philosophers may range. It is rather wide, it is true, but it will be strange if they do not succeed in starting something.

#### TURRET-SHIPS.

WHENEVER it is possible, the British public, and British officials too, delight to regard every question from a merely personal point of view; and perhaps the long, and we must add the culpable, delay in testing the capabilities of the turret principle for sea-going ships is mainly due to the fact that the vital importance of the inquiry has been merged in the interest universally felt in the contest between Captain Coles and the Board of Admiralty. Whether a clever inventor would be able to force the Board out of its beaten track, or would ultimately collapse under the protracted torture of official discouragement, has been a very interesting question in its way, and one that has a most material bearing on the larger matter of naval organization. It is hard to say which side has fought with the greater energy. The defensive tactics of the authorities have, it is true, postponed for years, by divers masterly excuses, the trial of a plan which by this time ought either to have been largely adopted in the British navy, or finally rejected as a proved blunder. But, on the other hand, Captain Coles has at last extorted an admission of the superiority of his mode of armament, even from a Committee which has objected to the details of the ship which he proposed to build. Unless the next year should produce some fresh flank movement on the part of the Board, it may be assumed that the pledge to build forthwith a sea-going ironclad on the turret principle will in course of time be fulfilled. If the result should realize the expectations which the experience of the *Royal Sovereign* seems to justify, Captain Coles will be the victor in this seven years' war, though the Admiralty will still be able to boast that they have staved off the acknowledgment of a genuine invention longer than any other department could have done.

Official inertia must be owned to have held its own with such marvellous tenacity against enterprising ingenuity as almost to convert a defeat into a triumph. But all this while there are no sea-going turret-ships in the British navy, and those who are not partisans either of Captain Coles or Mr. Reed will perhaps think that this is, after all, the most serious aspect of the whole affair. When any ship but a turret-ship is to be built, the Admiralty do as fallible human beings must do—take the best design they can get, build their ship, find out a multitude of defects, and try to cure them in their next model; and in some such tentative way as this we must advance, unless the maintenance of a navy is to be abandoned until the absolutely faultless pattern has been produced by properly authorized skill. For some mysterious reason, turret-ships are considered to be governed by different rules. Whether it is because the idea did not grow spontaneously within the sacred limits of a dockyard, or for some other equally good reason, it soon became a settled maxim that a turret-ship might be talked about, and made an open question of, and perhaps officially inquired into, but that

it was never to be tried until every tenable or untenable objection had been removed by *a priori* demonstration. It was only in consequence of public outcry that this principle was so far relaxed as to allow the *Royal Sovereign* to be converted, and even then the value of the experiment was in a great degree destroyed by the conditions which made her a coaster, instead of a full-rigged ship. To the surprise, it may be, of the Admiralty, the *Royal Sovereign* was a great success. Even the details required but little alteration, and it is now pretty generally admitted, both by French and English sailors, that it would be hard to pick from the navies of the two countries a ship which could meet her single-handed and successfully engage her. Still she is not a cruiser, whatever she might have been, and it remained open to the Admiralty to insist upon demonstrated perfection before allowing a turreted cruiser to be built. Meanwhile Mr. Reed was turning out ships, with various success, in which a different form of central armament was adopted, and the question grew more than ever pressing whether the turrets might not be taken to sea with better effect than the square central fort which gives their character to the *Pallas* class of cruisers. Captain Coles stoutly maintained that he could produce designs for a ship of the same class which should be able, without fail, to send the *Pallas* to the bottom, and, after much parleying, the drawings of the new ship were ordered to be laid before a Committee of naval officers. The proposed vessel was a one-turreted ship, armed with two 600-pounders, throwing a broadside nearly four times as heavy as that of the *Pallas* class. At the same time, the alternative of a ship carrying two turrets, with an additional 1,000 tons of measurement, was suggested as supplying a still more formidable class of cruiser. The inquiry, however, was directed to the one-turret ship; and though every possible objection has been properly enough pointed out by the Committee for the consideration of the inventor, it is remarkable that none of them profess to show that the turret-ship would in any one particular be inferior to the Admiralty model of the corresponding class. All shipbuilding, however, is matter of compromise. The maximum of speed, handiness, impenetrability, offensive power, lightness of draught, stowage, and sea-going qualities cannot be combined in any single ship; and in vessels of the size of the *Pallas* (2,400 tons), whether built with a turret or not, many of these requirements must be largely sacrificed in order to secure a swift, handy cruiser of moderate draught. The great majority of the objections suggested are simply objections that a ship of one class does not possess the properties of a much larger vessel; and scarcely any of them touch the essential question whether, given the size of the cruiser, it is better to build her on the turret plan or on that of Mr. Reed.

Captain Coles, in his answers, strongly insists that every defect pointed out exists still more palpably in the rival ship; but without entering into these details, it is sufficient to note what appear to be the admitted facts. What landmen were told to regard as the real difficulty has disappeared altogether, and every one seems to agree that there is no reason to doubt that the turret cruiser would behave at sea at least as well as the rival ship. Add to this that her armament is much heavier, and her defensive plating much thicker, and there does seem to be a *prima facie* case made out for building one such vessel before repeating the far from successful pattern which represents the latest Admiralty views of what an ironclad cruiser should be. The Committee, however, have come to the conclusion that a ship with two turrets will be more powerful than a ship with only one, and, mainly for this reason, have proposed that a vessel capable of carrying this additional armament should be the first experimental specimen of a turret cruiser. Except that delay must result from abandoning a carefully prepared design, and commencing afresh on an entirely new basis, it is quite possible that the larger ship may furnish the better example of the new principle; and it will have the further recommendation, in official eyes, that it is to be designed by the officers of the Board, instead of being built on drawings furnished by Captain Coles. These, and other small matters of a like kind, are of trifling moment provided the trial be a *bona fide* experiment of the best sea-going ship that can be built on the turret principle; but the loss of time that has already been permitted is wholly without excuse, and it will need more than an ordinary measure of charity to discover any but the pettiest reasons for further delay. The Admiralty have, with however ill a grace, at last admitted that the turret system deserves the full and fair trial which has been so long refused. It is surely time for them to drop the controversial spirit in which every proposal has hitherto been met, and to build the experimental ship with the same energy which has been spent upon models of a very different kind. One thing is certain—that no plan except the turret system has yet been devised by which the largest guns that can be manufactured may be carried and worked on shipboard; and so long as this is the case, nothing short of certainty of failure could justify the continuance of the neglect with which the most promising naval invention of modern times has been systematically treated. It is far too early to pronounce absolutely on the merits of a class of ships of which no single specimen exists. But whatever differences of opinion may be found among those qualified to judge, it will scarcely be denied, even in a Royal Dockyard, that the plan deserves a trial, and that, in postponing it so long, the Admiralty have not consulted the interests over which they are theoretically supposed to watch.

## NOON-DAY TERRORS.

IN the multitude of counsellors, and therefore of doctors, there is safety; but, as Walter Scott puts the question in Queen Elizabeth's mouth, it is doubtful whether the safety is to the patient or to the doctor. In the present panic, we fear, if there is any safety at all, it is not to the victims of advice. People are frightening themselves to death. Undoubtedly there is the cattle plague; and nonsense enough has been talked—and, still worse, acted—about the cattle plague to drive even sensible people out of their senses. As is always the case, confusion is even worse confounded in the Babel of suggestions, hints, advisers, and remedies. With an evident care to be prepared against Parliamentary questions, Her Majesty's Government prints all sorts of literary information on the subject, launches a Royal Commission which, by the time the disease is over, will probably be able to report that there is much to be said on both sides, and does nothing. A City Committee, in utter despair, chiefly because its pet remedy of establishing sanitariums—which is Cockney for sanatorium—was not encouraged by the Privy Council, has committed self-dissolution. But in the meantime quacks and quackery are at a premium. Nor is the Solomon Eagle of the occasion wanting. The ox-plague has broken out among sheep. Two horses at Windsor, says Mr. Tattersall, have died of it. S. G. O. detects it in pigs, and says that the rinderpest and typhus are all the same—which means that men are also subject, and very liable, to the infection of murrain. Other savans have detected its analogue in the vegetable world, and connect the cattle plague with the potato disease and the oidium; and, taking a very wide range indeed, they assure us that all these animal and vegetable epizootics have a common origin, and are to be connected with over-breeding and cultivation. Bring any creature within the range of domestication, be it animal or vegetable, and you introduce some subtle tendency to disease by the mere fact of artificial culture. Our oxen are gone; our sheep are going; our horses are in immediate danger; pigs and poultry are suspected; and murrain in animals means blight and mildew in vegetables. What has happened to the potato and the vine may be expected to occur in wheat and barley, rice and maize; and then the end will come. This comes, say the alarmists, of over-cultivation, breeding in and in, and domestication. The only consolation, a melancholy one perhaps, is that what overtakes every eatable thing will probably overtake the eater. Man, at any rate, is the most cultivated and domesticated and over-bred animal on the face of the earth; and if too much high living has produced the rinderpest, the human murrain must, by this law of nature, be destined to extinction. *Exeunt omnes*; and the world's curtain is about to fall. And, many will say, the sooner we die the better. With rumpsteaks at fifteenpence a pound and fresh eggs at twopence, with butter at eighteenpence, and no prospect of any cheese, we may just as well have a pestilence as a famine. Not that the prophets of evil fail in their mission of terror at this point. The cholera has undoubtedly broken out at Southampton, and the deadliest foe of man has hoisted the yellow flag of tropical death at Swansea. Such is the substance of the daily newspapers, and of course the staple of light and pleasant talk in the Peckham Omnibus.

In the meantime, the impression among thinking people gains ground that the panic is found to pay. Undoubtedly it answers to the newspapers, for, in the "dark backward and abysm" of the year, if it were not for the cattle plague, there would be little to write about. The Silly Season calls to all the strongholds of Sillydom to be up and gabbling. But while it would be idle to pretend that there is no cause for apprehension, it is well to remember that one of the most certain modes of imbibing infection or contagion is to get frightened. In all seasons of epidemic, though it would be too much to say that the victims of terror outnumber the victims of disease, yet it is certain that disease finds most of its successes among persons of a lowered condition of the vital powers. Fright is the most valuable ally of epidemic. We do not say that we shall not have the cholera, nor can we say that cases of Asiatic cholera have not occurred; but if we wish to invite the cholera, we cannot do better than, as at the present moment, let our whole talk and thought be about plague, pestilence, and famine. If we did anything else but talk, it would be another matter. If, for example, we established in every parish a dépôt for chlorides and other disinfectants, there would be less harm in keeping the matter constantly before us. But mere terrifying talk can only do mischief. Every little rumour is at once written down and posted to the daily newspapers; excited terrorists do not even give themselves time to substantiate their own story, still less calmly to see if there is any ground for it at all. For example, what are the facts of even the rinderpest? We have been so bewildered by the disputes between the advocates of the "importation" and the "spontaneous" theories—so puzzled by the wrangles between Professors Symonds and Gamgee, and between the Privy Council and the Mansion House—so terrified by the advocates of arsenic, brandy, oil of vitriol, and turpentine, to say nothing of the gentlemen who assure us, with equal volubility, that the Tsatze fly or the Ukraine herbage or the London cowsheds are at the bottom of it, that we have failed to find out how many cattle have actually died. Mr. Henley, in his pleasant way, talks about the possibility of one-fourth of all the neat cattle in the country dying; and Mr. James Shuttleworth, with a correct though not reassuring piece of statistics, informs us that this means a national

loss of twenty millions sterling. But surely, before all this horrifying language does its work of evil, it would be well to know what are the facts upon which this stupendous fabric of alarming guesses is founded? Are there any returns of the number of cattle already dead of recognised and ascertained rinderpest—even including those which Professor Gamgee has ordered to be killed to save their lives, and to prove the impotence of his craft? Is it that the cattle disease is so rife that nobody dares to inquire into its extent, or is it that the butchers think it useful to allow the facts of the case to be veiled in the obscurity which is so convenient for unlimited exaggeration?

From the two or three things which we do know we gather that there is no great reason to lose heart. It is a fact—if the figures of the London cattle-market do not lie—that our foreign supplies of meat are at this moment some 70 per cent. more than they were this time last year; and it is another fact, resting on the same authority, that prices have fallen—that is, the prices which the butcher pays—both for beef and mutton. So, again, in the matter of the public health. No doubt the season is an exceptional one. We have had no rain, or next to none, for nearly two months. There has been but a single shower for six weeks. Water is failing everywhere. The heat has been tropical, and even now the parching East-wind is very severe at mid-day. That diarrhoea should, under such circumstances, be prevalent, or that all disease should conform itself to the choleraic type, would be to be expected; but what if, as a matter of fact, the actual death rate for the whole London population is actually below the average? Yet such is the case. The deaths in London returned for the last week in September, the 39th week of the year, in 1864 were 1,233—this year they are 1,214. This fact hardly comports with the ominous language of the people who write to the *Times*. Even the deaths from all the allied forms of diarrhoea in London are scarcely in excess of the average, though the past month has been ascertained to be "abnormally insalubrious"; and the heat, drought, and consequent stagnation of the atmosphere, and absence of ozone, have been exceptionally unfavourable to human life. With such a season as the present, the state of the public health, and therefore the public capacity for meeting an epidemic, may, if we attend to the Registrar-General, be pronounced to be exceptionally favourable. But then there are "the undoubted cases of cholera at Southampton." Investigation may possibly throw very considerable doubt upon the actual character of these deaths. Mr. Tattersall was quite sure of the two horses who died of rinderpest at Windsor. Correction the first was that they did not die at Windsor, but somewhere in Oxfordshire. A revised edition of the tale found that one horse had recovered; and the last form of the case is that a horse died in Oxfordshire belonging to Mr. Peyton, which somebody thought died of the cattle plague. So of the Southampton cases. We make no doubt that the faculty at Southampton is intimately acquainted with the diagnosis of the true Asiatic cholera; but it is a fact that provincial Galens rather like the interest, if not the credit, of a good sonorous disease. There is perhaps hardly a small Union doctor who does not talk of his cases of diphtheria—the true diphtheria, as may be known to the London hospitals, being the rarest of diseases. So it may be with the Southampton and Bitterne cholera. Southampton Water is not very healthy, and the swamps and stagnant pools in the neighbourhood of Southampton are places likely enough for cholera to fasten upon. But we know very little about this outbreak. What we do know about the present visitation of cholera in the Mediterranean ports is that it comes in its lightest shape; and what we may be certain of is, that every day, nay every hour, brings us nearer to that long-delayed storm in which our renewed national health is certainly stored up. As to the yellow fever at Swansea, we can really make nothing of it. A leading article in the *Times* announced it; but we can find few details, except the name of the ship *Hecla*, and it is now acknowledged that there has been much exaggeration in the matter. We are not prepared to say that the alleged deaths did not occur; at any rate, that a man suffering from yellow fever, or from a severe fever caught in the tropics, died at Swansea, may be admitted. But yellow fever is about as possible in England as the ripening of pine-apples in the open air. That a case may occur—that is, that a person may have imbibed the specific poison of yellow fever, and that the disease may be developed in this patient in an English port, and that he may infect others with a bad form of fever—is possible; just as it is possible for the Gulf stream to strand a cocoa-nut on the Cornish coast. But as to yellow fever becoming indigenous, or even making periodical visits like cholera, it is only at this season of the year that so wild an imagination could have got into print. On the whole, our prospects both as to food and health are mending; and we may be hopeful for the future, as well as grateful for the past.

## BEAUTY AND THE BALLOT.

IT is never right to speak evil of the institutions of one's parish, but everybody must agree that a parish organ may be a serious trial to its neighbourhood. Organs are, of course, as essential to public worship as parish clerks, indeed they occupy a position in the Church inferior only to that of the rector; but, on the other hand, a favourite organ is generally an expensive sort of overgrown parish pet. It is always being opened with a musical service, or reopened, or subscribed for, or changed for another with



more stops, and keeping every one for miles round in a horrid religious worry. The opportunities it continually affords for charitable contribution and self-sacrifice are abominably frequent; and many a quiet man lifts his eyes on Sunday to the gallery above him, and shudders to think of all that St. Cecilia's invention has cost, and yet may cost, him. The Japanese are said to be an observant people, and a remark that the Japanese Ambassadors are related to have made, on their return home, about the religion of the English was doubtless founded on accurate investigation. They reported that the English were a pious race, and that their idol, which had as many arms and legs as an Indian devil, and groaned a good deal louder, was usually placed in a wooden gallery over the heads of the congregation. An idol of the kind at Wimborne, in the county of Dorset, seems recently to have been making itself conspicuous, and giving a considerable deal of bother and trouble. As is so often the case where there are organs and charitable maiden ladies and active and devoted young curates, it had been deemed "absolutely necessary" that the organ should be repaired, and the crying state of destitution in which the parish idol was supposed to be plunged led to the usual amount of energy and canvassing and fuss. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to say that such a state of things was destined to terminate in a bazaar. Buying pincushions in a hot tent is a ceremony that has from time immemorial been considered typical of piety and charity, and a parish which begins with being weakly susceptible about the wants of its organ will sooner or later come to that sad and sultry end. A bazaar at Wimborne, for anything that one knows, is doubtless pretty much the same as a bazaar anywhere else, and, but for one remarkable novelty in the proceedings, might have attracted no especial notice. It is, however, the glory of the Wimborne organ to have given birth indirectly to a mode of amusement which is capable of being transplanted anywhere, and which, if the religious world can only be persuaded to take it up, will make bazaars quite tolerable and pleasant. All the other incidents of the Wimborne dissipation pale before it. Generally one bazaar is much the same as another, except that every bazaar seems hotter than all preceding ones for years before. It is always equally difficult for the correspondent of the county paper next week to say whether the rich and cultivated taste with which the Misses Smith had arranged their multitudinous array of dolls and worsted work, or the fanciful beauty of the water-colour paintings by Mrs. Brown, or the gay grace with which Lady Jones distributed buns and hot cups of tea at an adjacent stall, were more universally the topic of conversation. All this is nothing. If Wimborne had only flirted, and bought rosebuds at an exorbitant premium, and raffled for tea-trays, purses, and wool kettle-holders, Wimborne would have been nowhere. The real celebrity of the affair consists in the invention of a sort of Beauty Stakes, for which all the Dorsetshire young ladies were to enter, and in which the prize was to be awarded to that young lady whom the gentlemen present should decide to be the prettiest girl in the county.

The members of the Ballot Society will naturally be interested to learn that the voting on so difficult and intricate a question was conducted through the medium of their favourite nostrum. Mr. Mill has thrown his regis over the use of the ballot in club elections; but it seems doubtful whether that eminent philosopher could sanction so questionable and unclassical a method in the election of a county belle. Paris delivered his famous judgment in a more manly way. In deference to the weakness of the male sex, such was, nevertheless, the principle adopted; but the shopkeepers of the Dorset boroughs will henceforward be able to quote the precedent of the Wimborne election when they clamour for the privilege of secret voting. Before the practice of electing county belles becomes universal, there are, indeed, several constitutional questions to be discussed and settled. How low down is the franchise to be extended? Is the event to be decided by the free and educated opinion of a middle-aged minority, or are we to descend to the degradation of a hobbledehoy suffrage? If so, intelligence and calm judgment will be for ever swamped. Finally, what is to be done with the clergy? Are curates to have a vote in respect of a reading-desk tenure? or are they not placed, by their sensibility and their softness of moral character, in the position occupied in the political world by the ladies themselves? All this is a serious difficulty, and does not appear to be explicitly decided by the accounts of the Wimborne election. One thing seems to be clear, that the Wimborne electors, whatever their capacity or fitness, came early and quickly to the poll. Several candidates, we learn, obtained a number of scattered votes—a fact which can only be accounted for on the supposition that a number of elderly lunatics must have been incautiously admitted to the franchise, and have voted for their daughters or their wives. But all the important running was made by two ladies alone. At the end of the first day's voting the poll was closed, in order to preserve the peace of the borough, and the returning officer duly proclaimed the issue of the proceedings. We might, under some circumstances, have felt an instinctive delicacy in copying the result from the county papers. But the days of Pericles are gone. Women no longer entertain the antiquated opinion that the pleasantest of all praises is not to be spoken of at all, either for praise or blame; and the elected of Dorsetshire deserve, and may honourably wish, to be known over Great Britain.

## DECLARATION OF THE POLL.

Miss Portman	-	-	-	81
Miss Garland	-	-	-	81

A double return on so important an occasion was, we may assume,

as perplexing to the electors as it was aggravating to the elected. It was impossible to allow matters to rest on so ridiculous and absurd a footing. In one of his earlier speeches about the Ballot, Mr. Berkeley defended his favourite hobby on the ground that the use of the ballot was implicitly sanctioned by the process observed in the choice of the Apostle Matthias. Drawing lots and vote by ballot, before Mr. Berkeley's speech, had been considered to be processes of a distinct nature; but perhaps, after all, he is right in believing that they are, morally speaking, substantially the same. The electors of Wimborne may therefore be excused if, after trying the ballot and finding its decision ambiguous, they reverted to the expedient that was so successfully adopted in the case of the Apostle. The lot fell upon one of the fair rivals, and the other was left to console herself with the thought that chance, and not man, had placed her second on the list. It need hardly be said, observes the delighted correspondent of the Dorset county paper, that both ladies bore the infliction with becoming grace and modesty, and were loudly cheered by the company. The sufferings which they may be politely supposed to have experienced may go down in the list of sacrifices which have been called for by that insatiate monster, the Wimborne parish organ. Before giving his free and independent vote, each of the electors had deposited in the plate the sum of a shilling; and the blushes of the Dorsetshire ladies may thus be considered as duly paid for in current coin. The names of the defeated, by the courtesy of the *Dorset Chronicle*, have been suppressed, and no complete class-list has been published. As far as the public is concerned, they must be content to blush unseen. But it will always be a glorious recollection to them to have run and been "placed" in the famous year of the first institution of the Dorsetshire Oaks.

The precedent established at Wimborne, with the full approval of the ladies of Dorsetshire, need not be confined to that excellent county, nor, as far as we can see, need it be confined to bazaars. Feminine sweepstakes all over the country would be a new and amusing sensation, and the proceeds might or might not be devoted to the cause of charity. Nature has given horns to bulls and hoofs to horses, and to women she has given beauty; and the thought naturally suggests itself to a candid mind, why on earth we should not have a national female Derby and Venus Stakes. If there were any doubt about the propriety of the thing, the money taken at the doors might be spent upon organs, and all objection would be removed. Even the *Record* might not disapprove of feminine racing, if conducted in a pious spirit and entirely for the benefit of a Missionary Society. Baby-shows and beauty-shows are not so different in principle, and both institutions, for anything we know, may already have been adopted upon the other side of the Atlantic. We should like, above all things, to know Mr. Spurgeon's view as to the lawfulness of Venus Stakes, if accompanied with the proper preliminaries of prayer and praise. There can be no serious reason why what has been achieved with such success in the cause of the Wimborne organ might not prove as thorough a hit on behalf of his celebrated chapel. A thoughtless person might hastily argue that such an institution would pander to frivolity and vanity. It is difficult to imagine a more thoroughly worthless criticism. Possibly it might flatter the pride of one young woman to be selected as the belle of her neighbourhood or county, but the damage done to her moral calibre would be amply compensated by the wholesome disappointment administered to the other ninety-nine competitors. For every pretty sinner the Church would thus secure the making of a vast majority of slightly less pretty saints, and the great cause of humility would benefit rather than be injured by every public declaration of the poll. The other possible objection, that such a playful competition might be thought ungraceful or unfeminine, is conclusively answered by the history of its origin. In the first place, the Dorsetshire ladies did not mind it; and if it had been unfeminine or loud, they would naturally have been the first to object. What is good enough for Dorsetshire is probably good enough for Devonshire, or Surrey, or Kent; for fine womanly feeling is common to all counties alike. In the second place, nothing can be really wrong that is done at a bazaar, or in the service of an organ. The code of morality that governs all dealings at bazaars is a peculiar and a noble one. The tent sanctifies the traffic. Flirtation itself is a means of doing good, and many a miserly soul has been brought by soft feminine wiles to purchase at an exorbitant price some distracting pen-wiper or pincushion which he would rather be without. The Church of England has never drawn an exact line beyond which her daughters may not lawfully go at a bazaar. There are probably some lengths that would be considered objectionable by the most rigorous of the Bishops, but these are doubtless very few. Even the Chief Justice of England—if our memory does not deceive us—has sanctioned from his bench the opinion that every bazaar is, or must be, in its very essence, a sort of organized charitable swindle. If so, Venus Stakes at a bazaar become at once laudable, elegant, and even feminine. To the pure and refined all things are refined, and charity can defy the censures of a cold and heartless world. Lady Godiva did for charity's sake a good deal more than the Dorsetshire belles have done; and who is there who dares to criticize Lady Godiva? And if, after all, the Wimborne ladies find the outer public too censorious, they can always fall back upon a sure and sound consolation. Next to having the approval of one's conscience, the great thing is to have the approval of one's clergyman. The Wimborne beauties may lawfully say to

themselves that what they have done and suffered has been done and suffered under the eye of their pastor and his curate, and may trust humbly that, if necessary, they would have dared a good deal more than this for the sake of repairing their beloved parish organ.

## MEAT.

THE present state of the London market for butcher's meat reminds one forcibly of the old national amusement of a leg of mutton on the top of a well-greased pole. The butchers, who preside over the games, have been diverting themselves by adding to the height of the pole and laying on the treacherous unguent more thickly. The British public are the climbers, and their powers of ascent are measured by their purses. On inquiring everywhere, from Mayfair to Whitechapel, we find a "unanimity" in prices charged which would be "wonderful" save for the obvious interests of the parties principally concerned in maintaining them. The present year will deserve to be remembered in the annals of the trade as one in which a golden opportunity was worked to the utmost, and in this *annus mirabilis* for the butchers the last three weeks will probably be as conspicuous as any. Probably the profits they are now making will deserve to be compared with those realized by agriculturists generally in the earlier part of the present century. In order to substantiate these statements we will offer a brief array of figures, comparing the prices per stone of 8 lbs., "sinking the offal," in the Metropolitan market with those which we find ruling throughout the metropolis wherever blue aprons are worn and blue flies are buzzing.

The Metropolitan price-list gives us the following prices for Monday, September 25:—

Beef, 3s. to 5s. 4d., or mean price, 4s. 2d.	} per stone of 8 lbs.
Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 7s., or mean price, 5s. 4d.	
Veal, 3s. to 5s. 2d., or mean price, 4s. 1d.	
Pork, 3s. to 4s. 10d., or mean price, 3s. 11d.	

With this, reduced to price per lb. in the first of the two following columns, we proceed to compare the price charged per lb. in the second:—

Mean cost price per lb. to butcher for	Price charged per lb. by butcher.
Beef, 6½d.	9½d.
Mutton, 8d.	10½d.
Veal, 6½d.	9½d.
Pork, 6d.	9d.

It is proper to notice that the same list for Monday, October 2, showed a fall of 6d. in the upper limit of the price of mutton, other prices being unaltered; but the butchers' prices quoted were contemporaneous, and the fall in prime mutton since does not affect them. On comparing the above, then, it will be found that the profit on beef is 50 per cent. and something over; on mutton, 31·25 per cent.; on veal, 55 per cent.; and on pork, 50 per cent. On this state of facts it is superfluous to make any comment. We ought to add that we have not in the above taken the extreme price for prime joints, which would raise the butcher's charge ½d. or 1d. per lb. more.

Another curious branch of the same statistics would be to compare the gradual advance in the Metropolitan market price-list since a recent period—say a year ago, or Christmas last—with the parallel advance in butchers' prices, and to show how the latter runs in excess of the former. But as the interest of the question would now be purely historical, and the figures numerous, we forbear to trouble the reader with them. It may suffice to say generally that the mean cost price to the butcher a year ago was, according to that market price-list, actually *higher* than now, at the same time that the price he asked was *lower* in all the four kinds of meat enumerated, save in mutton; whilst in mutton the mean cost price has been raised upon the butcher since then by something less than 20 per cent.

We should at the same time be prepared to suppose that veteran housekeepers who know how to watch for an opportunity, and are content with meat of a secondary quality, may probably obtain their legs and shoulders at from 1d. to 1½d. per pound less than the prices above mentioned. But when we consider the wide London area over which the prices so mentioned prevail, and the very large margin within which the Metropolitan market price of mutton varies, being no less than from 3s. 8d. to 7s. per stone, there seems grave reason for thinking that a considerable proportion of meat bought by the butchers at or about the lower price is retailed by them at the high charge which we have named. This is just what the licensed victuallers are doing with French and German wines—buying claret and moselle at "Gladstonian" cost prices, and maintaining the old fabulous prices for the liquor as charged in the bill. With this valuable precedent to guide them, and fortified by the fact that their commodity is a household necessary, whereas those vintages are to the great mass of their customers an object of occasional indulgence, the butchers hold their own, and the "pole" on which the "leg of mutton" is hoisted is found to be a growing plant.

It is more difficult to obtain satisfactory information as to what our graziers and cattle-masters are doing. Their operations are dispersed all over the country, and only appear in their results in the Metropolitan market price-list. We shall return further on to this part of the question. Meanwhile we remark that there seems to be, owing to apprehensions of disease, an increasing disinclination to buy store-stock. And this, we take it, is operating, and will probably for some time longer continue to operate, in keeping the supply of prime animals for the

London market from the usual rural districts extremely short. Obviously, the grazing districts adjacent to the metropolis are the only source of supply for this very prime quality. Cattle or sheep coming from a greater distance deteriorate by every league they traverse to such an extent as to leave the scarceness of this quality practically untouched. Persons engaged in the import trade will perhaps deny that this applies to transit by sea. We will not at present pronounce any opinion on this. Probably the impulse given to the import of cattle by the extraordinary demand in London is causing great improvements in the vessels used and the general practice of the trade. But we doubt whether Continental samples will generally be found to satisfy the fastidiousness of the London standard for prime joints. The extravagant price of mutton, as compared with beef, probably arises from the fact that mutton is not suspected of the disease, while beef and veal are. This throws a disproportionate demand upon the mutton market, and forces up the price to an unprecedented figure. Nor can pork be easily made to divide the strain which the comparative vacuum of beef and veal causes. Beef and mutton stand in this country on a vantage ground of consumption which is not shared by the unclean animal; and the unusual reign of heat for two summers consecutively has tended further to diminish the extent to which its flesh might naturally be substituted for that of the ox or the sheep.

The amount of cattle imported has, of course, gone on rising with the price since we last reconnoitred the market returns, on the 16th September. The weekly total of supply then quoted was 31,000 head, whereas that for last Monday was 42,200 head, of which 35,650 were sheep. Of that total, 28,544 came from abroad, against 17,505 imported for the corresponding week of last year, which itself had exceeded by about 2,000 any similarly corresponding week of previous years. Again, we are informed that of those 35,650 sheep of Monday last, 19,360, or nearly four in every seven, came from Holland and Germany alone. Again, out of 6,550 head, which formed the total supply of neat cattle, 4,820, or nearly three in every four, were from foreign sources. It may be supposed that there is very little export trade to set against this vast influx into our ports which ruling prices have attracted. It is not easy to see to what quarter our fat stock could be attracted, in the face of such a powerful call to replenish the home market as those prices exhibit. The export of lean cattle, on the other hand, were it ever so large, would but remotely affect the question, which is concerned only with the sources of supply for butchers' meat at home. We ought to add the remark, as regards imports, that the numbers stated as imported are given from the Custom House official return, and that it does not obviously follow that all those which passed the Custom House found their way into the London market. There is, indeed, reason to think that a gradually increasing trade is being done in the importation of foreign stock to qualify them for the London market by a few months' run of English pastures. But the apprehensions of cattle-plague as a consequence of dealing in all bullocks which have passed through that market are so vivid at present that that branch of the trade is probably duller just now. At any rate, if foreign cattle come over and are absorbed into native herds, instead of ending their career at once at Islington, then a similar proportion of what appears in the market professedly from our own rural districts should be set down to a foreign source. Viewed with these limitations, we should think it likely that the weekly amount which passes the Custom House approximates very closely to that which recruits the weekly supply of the Metropolitan market.

As a result of these copious importations, we find that mutton has actually fallen 4d. per stone, or ½d. per lb., in the Metropolitan Cattle-market, while beef is with difficulty maintained at its higher quotations. We noticed, on September 16, that beef had already receded, and that the lower qualities of mutton also had even then given way to the extent of 2d. to 4d. per stone, being ½d. to ¾d. per lb. We augured that the tide was turning, and the presage that the maximum point had been reached is now confirmed. Nevertheless, it may be expected that the London butchers will hold on to the higher retail prices with desperate tenacity. They are in the position of Alpine mountaineers, all "tied on" together, and clinging like grim death to their planted alpen-stocks, while gravitation is, alas! against them. Yet the end must come, and the force of nature must have its way. Meanwhile, the duration of the struggle is an interesting problem to those who live in the country, where the prices on the whole, although sufficiently high, more nearly follow a natural law. There is, moreover, a fair chance of some equinoctial storms coming to our rescue before long, and destroying one channel of the prevalent contagion now generally recognised—the swarms of flies which waft disease upon their wings, and which have enjoyed this year a long lease of mischievous vitality.

As regards the increased consumption of meat, it has no doubt in part arisen from increased wages and cheap bread. Let us show how cheap bread tends to make meat dear. The cheaper bread is, the less a prosperous working-man's family eats of it. This arises from the balance of wages being then available for butcher's meat, the consumption of which tends to displace part of the consumption of bread. When bread, on the contrary, is dear, more of it is eaten, because little or no margin is left for anything else. We should much regret, therefore, to see this stimulus to the price of meat withdrawn. But we ought to notice that the *Mark Lane Express* of Monday week contained a warning article showing reasons why the price of bread may probably have



touched its lowest point, and pointing especially to the fact that we are wholly cut off from one great source of ordinary supply—the American market; the price of wheat there, without calculating freight or duty, being actually above our own.

As regards the transactions in English and Scotch country markets, the general feature is that trade in beasts is dull, and in sheep is brisk. The numerous fairs which take place towards the end of September have brought out this fact in unusual prominence. In several an utter absence of horned cattle is reported. In Berkshire, which has been visited by the cattle plague, farmers suspend their operations for fattening purposes until they see some check to its ravages, or some remedy devised which may reduce them within control. In Oxfordshire, which has hitherto been spared, the beast market is equally thin, although no scarcity of animals is reported or suspected in the neighbourhood. The country seems to be keeping a strict quarantine. Local butchers go round to the various homesteads of their district, and buy up there such beasts as are fit for slaughter, and few others change hands. The same absence of the ox is reported at Blaigowrie; at Carlisle the supply was small, as compared with last year's; at Bridgnorth the show was scanty. At a few remote places, on the contrary, as Barnstaple and St. Columb, the supply of horned stock was large; but these are obviously trivial exceptions. Mutton, however, is driving a roaring trade all over the country, and no wonder. At Penrith the number of sheep and lambs was 1,260, against 6 bullocks and 3 calves. At Carlisle the show of lambs was 14,000, exceeding by at least 5,000 head the corresponding market of last year. "Most of the lots," we read, "were made up of small and inferior animals, but nearly as much was paid for them as for the tops." At Lewes, a great Southdown market, there were but 17,000 on show, as against the average of 28,000; and the advances on last year's prices ranged from 6s. to 10s. per head. This looks as if the Southdowns were getting temporarily "cleaned out" by the fancy prices of the London market. Possibly the ovine small-pox of last season may have further tended to shorten the supply from that quarter.

In Ireland we are glad to see that the most healthy activity both in beasts and sheep is said to prevail, while the prices realized may be quoted as the best current antidote to Fenianism. Prices range from 30s. to 35s. over those of last year for bullocks at Banagher. Cattle at Strokestown, which would have fetched 13*l.* in June last, were fetching 16*l.* ten days ago. Sheep are quoted at 84*d.*, and in one instance, at Dunleer, even at 9*d.* per lb. English buyers were said to be present in large numbers, and the demand for every article of stock was of the most lively character. Butter is said to fetch 14*d.* and even 16*d.* per lb. retail, and dairy cattle are of course in proportion. Bacon is from 5s. to 10s. per cwt. dearer than it was a year ago. Nothing, in short, is cheap, unless, indeed, it be human life. We commend these figures to the notice of all speakers in the next Irish debate, by which time a dyspepsia of plenty will probably be the only tangible grievance left. Amalthea's horn is open, and Pandora's box is shut. Our "difficulty" of meat supply is Ireland's "opportunity," and no one would grudge her improving it in this sense to the utmost. Meanwhile, the general consumer in London will keep his eyes greedily open upon Germany and Holland, convinced that, so far from having been the *fons et origo* of our cattle malady, those countries have probably furnished the only resource by availing ourselves of which we have been able to mitigate the pinch of need.

#### IRISH TENANT-RIGHT.

IT was stated before a Committee of the House of Commons which sat last Session that the condition of Ireland is deplorable, and that "that condition is mainly to be ascribed to the tenant of land in Ireland not having protection for the improvements created by him in the soil." It is satisfactory to perceive, amid loud clamour and ceaseless contradiction, that truth has made some progress even in the discussion of what is called tenant-right. Whatever Irishmen may say at home, they do not venture to say before a Committee of the House of Commons that the tenant has a right to displace the landlord in the ownership of the soil. It is felt that such a proposal would be open to two objections. First, it would violate the right of property; and, secondly, it would only substitute for one race of proprietors another who would not be likely to contribute more than the present race to the ultimate prosperity of the country, but, on the contrary, considerably less. If tenants cannot claim to become owners, it may be suggested that the bulk of them, being tenants-at-will, might receive leases. A demand for "fixity of tenure" might, without violation of the ordinary rules of language, be explained to mean a demand for leases; and this is a demand which English readers would be disposed to consider reasonable. But competent Irish witnesses told the Committee that leases were by no means universally desirable for the public good, and that to a very great extent tenants did not wish to have them. Another explanation of the right of Irish tenants is that it means the right to be compensated, on giving up possession, for unexhausted improvements of the land. When the Irishman's complaint is stated in this form, it is seen that he has a real grievance, and the agitator's usual art is shown in mixing it up in discussion with other grievances which are imaginary or irremediable by law. A good example of how the war of words is carried on by Irishmen will be found in a case of eviction which was mentioned before the Committee as having occurred in the county of Cork. A long lease had been

granted to what is called a middleman, who, by underletting, had created a colony on the estate. A sale by the Landed Estates Court transferred the property to a new owner, who, being full of the most modern ideas of what is called improvement, proceeded on the 1st of May last, when the middleman's lease expired, to unroof the cottages which had been built upon the estate, and turn the inhabitants adrift. It will be admitted by English readers that this was a senseless and cruel act, and the conduct of the landlord may be denounced with their entire sympathy. But it is to be feared that such a landlord does not care for denunciation, and that legislation cannot reach him. The Irish agitators assume that Parliament can deal with such cases, and ought to be compelled to deal with them, but they fail to indicate any practicable plan. In addresses to Irish audiences, these Cork evictions were doubtless treated as violations of the right of the tenants to continue occupying the soil as their fathers and grandfathers had done before them; but in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons the complaint dwindles down to this, that the tenants were not compensated for the improvements they had made upon the land from which they were evicted. The importance of removing, if possible, the last-named grievance cannot be exaggerated, because the agitators would then be compelled to own, whenever they could be got into a room and strictly questioned, that Parliament could do no more for them, unless it could alter by legislation the character of the Irish people.

It is not wonderful that this subject of Irish tenant-right, having so much real and so much more imaginary importance, should be constantly under discussion both in Parliament and before Committees. If it should ultimately turn out that very little can be done by legislation, it will be something to have rendered that conclusion indisputable by a series of debates and reports, and well-considered but abortive statutes. It would seem, however, that the difficulties of the question have been enhanced by unskilful treatment; for surely nothing can be conceived less likely to prove useful than Mr. Cardwell's Act of 1860, which, admitting the principle that the tenant on eviction is entitled to compensation for improvements, provides that compensation shall be paid to him by means of an annuity. The ejected tenant in many cases emigrates to America, and, wanting money for his passage, he would naturally sell his annuity for half its value to some small capitalist, who would make a profit on the transaction. In accordance with general and apparently reasonable expectation, no attempt has been made to apply this Act in any single instance. The Committee of last Session arrived at the wise conclusion that the payment of a lump sum of money should be substituted for the annuity provided by the Act, and thus, with enormous difficulty and by the expenditure of an infinite quantity of talk, some small progress has been made towards the settlement of the tenant-right question. The Committee reported in favour of the principle of the Act of 1860, which is that compensation to tenants should only be secured upon improvements made with the consent of the landlord. This principle will appear incontestable to English minds, and even Irish minds do not find so much difficulty in assenting to the principle as in settling how it is to be applied. It might be thought an obvious course, if the landlord's consent is required to improvements, that the tenant should give him notice of what he proposes to do; but if the witnesses before the Committee agreed in anything, it was in the inexpediency of requiring such a notice. "The tenant will be afraid to give it." Thus speak witnesses who really seem—at least when they come before Parliamentary Committees—to be guided by the rules of law and common sense, and who certainly know Ireland well. Even those persons who consider that the landlord's consent ought, in clear cases of expediency, to be enforced by the decision of a court or arbitrator, must necessarily assume that the landlord shall have notice; but they would on no account require that the tenant shall give notice. They suggest that, if a landlord does his duty, he will know what is going on upon his estate, and so notice to him will not be required. It is obvious to remark that, if landlords did their duty, complaints which Parliament has little power to remedy would not be heard; and further, that whether the landlord finds out by notice to him or by his own observation what the tenant is about to do, the tenant would equally incur the consequences of having displeased his landlord. But all the Irish authorities tell us that it would never do to require the tenant to give this notice, and it may be well supposed that they know more about their own country than we do.

A reader of this Report will probably be disposed to apply to Ireland the words in which a celebrated traveller in America described his impression of that country—namely, "that its people are a very rum lot, and go on in a very rum way." The hasty application of English ideas to Irish subjects has probably produced many mistakes similar to that of securing to the tenant, by way of compensation for his improvements, an annuity instead of a lump sum. But perhaps an English reader of the Report might venture to express an opinion on the subject to this extent—that the sad condition of Ireland results mainly from defects in the character both of landlords and of tenants, which legislation can do very little to correct; and it may be added that the faults of landlords are less excusable than those of tenants, because they have better opportunities of instruction and enlightenment. Witnesses propounded to the Committee plans which, on discussion, neither their authors nor anybody else seemed thoroughly to believe in; and, after all, they suffered it to

appear that what the ordinary Irishman really wants is to be tenant-at-will under a good landlord. It would be vain to attempt to make landlords good by Act of Parliament, and it is not even easy to contrive statutory remedies for grievances which tenants have undoubtedly sustained through the predominance of landlord influence in making and expounding law. One of the most remarkable things in Ireland is the tenant-right existing in Ulster, which must not be confounded with the tenant-right demanded for the other provinces. An outgoing tenant-at-will in Ulster usually sells his interest, or whatever it may be called, to a successor. The custom is general, and the prices paid are often very large. But this custom is not recognised by the Irish Courts, either of law or equity; and it has been remarked with reason, that if a similar custom prevailed to the same extent in England the Courts would recognise it. This tenant-right of Ulster may be compared to the goodwill of a business; whereas the tenant-right which is claimed for the other provinces of Ireland is, at least in its present form, a right in an outgoing tenant to be compensated for improvements. It is possible that grievance-mongers have in their minds an indistinct notion that the tenant-right of Ulster ought to exist elsewhere; but as it is admitted that this tenant-right has grown up imperceptibly, and depends upon mutual good feeling between the classes of proprietors and cultivators, even an Irish agitator would hardly venture to assert that it could be created suddenly, and where this good feeling does not exist. We often hear, in trials which occur in England between landlord and tenant, of what is called "the custom of the country," by which an outgoing tenant gets some portion of the compensation which is claimed for him in Ireland. If we ask why a similar custom has not found place in Ireland, the answer appears to be that the Courts of law have leaned to the landowner's rather than the tenant's side.

It will appear from this, and other indications, that Irish tenants may well have grievances, although it would be almost impossible to provide for them a legislative remedy. The Act of 1860 on the Tenure and Improvement of Land in Ireland has produced, as regards its principal object, no result whatever; and if that Act should be amended, it is probable that the result will still be inconsiderable. But the discussions which accompany these abortive attempts at legislation are useful for clearing the minds of men and for exposing delusions and exploding fallacies. Among the witnesses before the Committee was Mr. J. B. Dillon, who took part in getting up the National Association, and who does not decline the title of "one of the leading agitators on this most important question." Some members of the Association have at times talked of knocking down the law of primogeniture and doing away with the law of entail. But when Mr. Dillon was asked, before the Committee, "whether he would be satisfied that the tenant should receive full compensation for expenditure on improvements on the land," he answered, "I do not see what more the Legislature can do with regard to this Act of Parliament." It is probable that the latter part of this not very intelligible answer was intended as a reservation of Mr. Dillon's right to abolish primogeniture and entail, or at least to talk about abolishing them, when the opportunity for so doing should be more favourable. It must be owned that before this Committee there was, in the roaring of certain lions, a good deal of the sucking dove. Mr. Dillon, in contrasting Ireland with England, had said that there could not be the same harmony of feeling between the owner of the soil and the occupier, because in Ireland "very recent and very extensive confiscations had been made." Being cross-examined on this subject, he was driven, after some fencing, to a result which is drily stated, in the Analysis of Evidence annexed to the Report, in the words, "He refers to the year 1688." An agitator naturally feels rather limp after being subjected to such a process. If this Report shows that little can be done by legislation, it also shows that a great deal can be done by that spirit of anxious consideration for the welfare of the class of tenants of which the attempts at legislation are only one of many instances. If Parliamentary Committees can do little else, it is at any rate satisfactory that they can damage the agitator's trade.

## REVIEWS.

### CORRESPONDENCE OF TWO SAVOYARD PRINCESSES.\*

AN Introduction on the relations between France and Savoy at the end of the seventeenth century, from the pen of M. Léo Joubert, ushers in the letters of the two daughters of Victor-Amadeus, the first Prince of the House of Savoy who rose to undoubted royal rank. To the shadowy Kingdoms of Cyprus and Jerusalem he added the real Kingdom of Sicily, afterwards exchanged for the nearer, though less valuable, possession of Sardinia. The point of time to which the letters belong is an important one both in the history of Italy and in the general history of Europe, and one of their authors, Mary Louisa, the wife of Philip the Fifth, is really an historical person. At this distance of time we are perhaps inclined to dwell most on the field which was then of narrower interest. The war of the Spanish Succession seems to concern us less than the reign of Victor-Amadeus in Piedmont. The great object of the coalition failed.

\* Correspondance inédite de la Duchesse de Bourgogne et de la Reine d'Espagne, petites-filles de Louis XIV. Publiée par Madame la Comtesse della Rocca. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1865.

Spain was not compelled to receive, in the name of real or supposed European interests, a King whom only one province of Spain wished for. But the secondary, though very important, object of depriving Spain of all her outlying European possessions was thoroughly carried out. And this was so done as to sow the seed of most of the later events of Italian history, and of all the hopes, fears, and difficulties of modern Italian politics. The State which was at last to grow into Italy, after running fearful risks, came at last out of the struggle greatly aggrandized. The Duke of Savoy not only received the crown of his island kingdom, but received what was really a more important extension of his Continental dominions. M. Léo Joubert, however, tells us that these advantages, important as they were, were more than counterbalanced by the introduction of the Austrians into the Italian peninsula. It is hard to weigh future advantages and disadvantages, but it is certain that the arrangements which thus extended the Italian power of Savoy and established the Italian power of Austria have had effects which are far more evident and important now than they were then. At the time there can be no doubt that the Spanish possessions in Italy gained by their transfer either to Austria or to Savoy. As Lord Macaulay says, they would have lost nothing if they had been transferred to the Grand Turk. Either Austria or Savoy, with all the faults of either, was at any rate better than Spain. In those days the notion of Italian unity and nationality had not begun, and the extension of the power of the House of Savoy differed nothing in appearance from the extension of the power of any other princely house. Still in Victor-Amadeus we see the remote founder of the present Kingdom of Italy; in the arrangements which divided the Milanese—in very unequal portions—between him and Austria we see the introduction both of the bane and of the antidote. The enemy is admitted within the fold, but the deliverer receives the first instalments of that strength which was one day to drive him out.

It seems an abuse of words to speak of any one doing wrong to Louis the Fourteenth, and yet it is hardly possible to avoid bringing such a charge against Victor-Amadeus. Louis had indeed bitterly wronged him. He had done him the cruellest of all wrongs by forcing him to become a partaker of his crimes. Victor-Amadeus was compelled to admit French troops into his dominions to exterminate his own peaceable Protestant subjects. Presently, in 1690, he was required to admit a French garrison into his capital. Then he joined the coalition against Louis, but presently, on obtaining his own terms, he changed sides, and thereby greatly helped to bring to a close the war which ended with the Peace of Ryswick. Victor-Amadeus was fighting, not for European objects, but for his own ends. His house had long before begun that series of cessations on one side of the Alps and of acquisitions on the other which has gone on to our own day. Vaud had long been lost; Bresse and Bugey had been exchanged for Saluzzo. The time seemed come for a further step; Victor-Amadeus was ready, for further Italian extension, to surrender the last remnant of the old Burgundian possessions of his house:—

Il était convenu que dans le cas où la guerre se prolongerait, le roi de France aiderait le duc à conquérir le Milanais et recevrait la Savoie en échange. On remarquera, si l'on veut, que ce traité, signé en 1696, n'a été exécuté qu'en 1860.

This grand scheme, however, had to wait, as M. Joubert says, for some generations for its execution. But Louis surrendered, in exchange for Victor-Amadeus' defection, the fortresses which he held beyond the Alps, and which were a standing menace to Piedmontese independence. As usual in such bargains, a daughter had to be sacrificed. Mary Adelaide, the elder of our two correspondents, was married to Louis' grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. In 1701 her younger sister, Mary Louisa, was married to Louis' other grandson, Philip, now King of Spain. In the War of the Succession Victor-Amadeus again played the same treacherous part as in the former war; the direction alone of his treachery was changed. In the former war he betrayed the allies to Louis. In this war he betrayed Louis to the allies. But in both cases he gained all that he fought for—a further accession of territory. Philip, or more truly Louis, refused him the Milanese as the price of his alliance; by joining the allies he gained Montserrat, and some other districts, Milanese and French, to say nothing of his short-lived Sicilian royalty. We rejoice in the remote results of Victor-Amadeus' policy, but we have so little respect for the man himself that we hardly lament when, after his abdication, he was imprisoned by his unnatural son.

Of his two daughters, Mary Adelaide, the favourite grandchild of Louis, is a standing favourite with French writers. Her letters, however, are of little historical importance. Those of her sister are of a very different sort. The wife of Philip, mere girl as she was, sometimes seems to have been the only man in his court and council. His devoted attachment to her, young, beautiful, and spirited as she was, is in no way wonderful; but what can account for the passionate love which she expresses for him? Yet, as far as one can judge from the letters, her devotion to him was thoroughly genuine. At any rate, while her sister was the mere ornament of a court, Mary Louisa had as real a share in the government of a kingdom as Louis would allow any one but himself to have in the realm which was assigned to his grandson. The dependence in which Louis kept Philip is something absolutely ludicrous, and makes us almost wonder why the Spaniards preferred the French to the Austrian candidate. Mere distance would have hindered an Emperor from playing tutor to a resident King of Spain, though his own son, in the



way that Louis played tutor to Philip. Thus far national independence would have seemed safer under Charles than under Philip. But Philip was nominated by their own deceased King; the claim of Charles was a mere device of politicians in other lands. And, setting aside treaties and renunciations, Philip's hereditary claim was far stronger than that of Charles. And a direct hereditary claim is something much more easily understood by the bulk of a nation than treaties, renunciations, and the general interests of Europe.

The letters of Mary Louisa, written at a time when she was at least as much King of Spain as her husband, and when, as King of Spain, she was at war with her own father, possess a real historic value, while the interest of the letters of Mary Adelaide can hardly extend beyond ladies and courtiers. Both sisters write to their grandmother, *Madame Royale*, as she is called, the daughter of Charles-Amadeus of Savoy, Duke of Nemours, and widow of Charles-Emmanuel the Second, Duke of Savoy. Her marriage with the Duke was a somewhat romantic one, and she thoroughly enjoyed her husband's affection and confidence, personal and political, through life. A harsh mother to her son Victor-Amadeus, on whose behalf she acted as Regent, she appears, according to a not uncommon rule, in quite another character towards the next generation, as the object of most unreserved affection on the part of her granddaughters. The Queen of Spain had a difficult part to play in this correspondence when Spain and Savoy were at open war, but she seems to have contrived neither to forsake her own family, nor yet in any way to forget her duty to her new country. She goes on with her letters to her grandmother, but they have to pass through France, and, with a feeling thoroughly creditable to their writer, instead of the warlike and political matters with which they had before abounded, she chiefly confines herself to personal and domestic matters. Of course her famous *Camarera Mayor*, the Princess Orsini, Duchess of Bracciano, or whatever we are to call her, fills a prominent place in the correspondence. As Lord Macaulay says, to be first Lady of the Bedchamber was "no insignificant post in the household of a very young wife and a very uxorious husband." Indeed the place of *Camarera Mayor* was in any case something greater than that of an ordinary Lady of the Bedchamber, and the Princess Orsini was one to make the most of any place. The Great King himself had sometimes to bend to her.

The early letters are, naturally, thoroughly girlish—she was but thirteen when she came into Spain, though, as Lord Macaulay says, "already a woman in person and mind." Her main talk to her grandmother is about her intense delight in her husband. "Le roi est tous les jours plus aimable et plus charmant; il est vrai qu'il est presque toujours avec moi, ce qui me comble de joie." Presently she is sounded by her grandmother as to her father's chance of getting the Milanese from Philip, or rather from Louis, and she answers like an old diplomatist:—

Pour réponse à la confiance que vous voulez que je vous fasse, je vous dirai que vous me l'avez déjà demandé une fois, et j'y répondis. Depuis ce temps-là je n'ai rien de nouveau à vous mander. Je ne crois pas, ma chère grand'maman, que l'on pense à faire quelque changement dans l'État de Milan; et puis, quand cela fût, je ne m'élève pas de ces sortes de choses-là.

Yet, though she did not meddle with such matters, she was thought capable of being left as Regent when Philip went into Italy, and, as Regent, of holding an Assembly of the States of Aragon. The novelty of the States of Aragon being held by any one but the King did not please at first, but the young Queen charmed everybody and drew forth a liberal money-bill. Presently she goes to Madrid and thus describes her impressions:—

Je vous dirai que j'ai trouvé la ville et aussi mon palais bien plus beaux que je ne me l'imaginai; mais la puanteur est si grande que cela gâte fort la beauté de tout. Je m'en vais embellir un peu mon palais, c'est-à-dire dans les choses qu'on pourra faire sans grande dépense; car dans ces temps-ci il faut penser à l'économie, comme vous savez, ma chère grand'maman.

Presently she compares her own marriage with her sister's, who was less satisfied with her Duke, the thoroughly worthy man as he was, than she herself was with her King:—

Vraiment, ma chère grand'maman, je sais bien que tous les mariages ne sont pas si heureux que le mien, et je reconnais bien mon bonheur en cela. Je désirerais bien que ma sœur aimât M. le duc de Bourgogne la moitié seulement de ce que j'aime le roi, car ce serait encore beaucoup. Je ne puis pas m'empêcher de vous dire que si elle ne le fait pas, je ne la peux pas louer, car elle serait une ingrate de ne pas répondre à toutes les marques d'amitié que M. le duc de Bourgogne lui donne; mais je ne doute pas qu'elle le fasse.

After a while Philip comes home, and delight at being released from her political labours, so strange for a young girl, is mingled with delight at seeing her husband again:—

Mon plaisir de revoir le roi a été inexprimable, et je l'ai trouvé fort charmant et fort aimable, comme il était à Barcelone; mais la différence qu'il y a, c'est qu'à cette heure c'est un bien plus grand roi, puisqu'il a battu ses ennemis et qu'il a acquis tant de gloire, ce qu'il n'avait pas dans ce temps-là.

Yet this loving girl did not lack spirit, nor boldness to show her spirit in what to her seemed the highest of all quarters. With the letter which we have just quoted begin the long quarrels of the Cardinals Porto-Cussero and D'Estrees and the Princess Orsini. D'Estrees, the French ambassador, not allowed to enter the Spanish *despacho* or Cabinet Council, writes off to his master to complain of the King and Queen exactly as if they had been Louis's subjects, or rather his naughty children. Philip answers very humbly:—

"J'avoue que j'ai été au désespoir," répondait Philippe à son grand-père, "et que je ne me sens pas capable de pardonner au cardinal d'Estrees ce qu'il faut croire qu'il a supposé à Votre Majesté, pour la prévenir de telle manière que vous ayez plus de confiance en lui qu'en moi."

Mary Louisa writes to Louis with thorough frankness and boldness, yet even she does not write as a Queen of Spain to a King of France. Louis is in her eyes the demigod grandfather, who needs to have the truth set before him, but who is the real master after all. She stands up for her husband and she stands up for her friend, but she stands up for them at the bar of their common superior. The correspondence of the Queen goes on during the whole of the war, almost down to her own death in 1714. After all the part which she had played from so early an age, she was now only twenty-six. However, Lord Macaulay says, "As soon as his wife died, his object was to procure another. Another was found, as unlike the former as possible. But she was a wife; and Philip was content." This was Elizabeth Farnese, the *stamm-mutter*, so to speak, of the dynasty lately happily driven out of her ancestral city of Parma. The Spanish people were less satisfied with the change than their King:—

Si le trop faible et insouciant Philippe n'accorda pas à la mémoire de sa première femme les longs regrets dont elle était digne, le peuple de Madrid et de toute la Castille lui rendit, en revanche, la justice et les hommages qu'elle méritait si bien. Plusieurs années après la mort de Marie-Louise, celle qui l'avait remplacée sur le trône, mais non dans l'estime et l'affection des Espagnols, entendait retentir sur son passage les cris, peu flatteurs pour elle, de *viva la Savoyana*! expressions sincères d'un attachement qui a pour ainsi dire traversé les générations pour arriver jusqu'à nous.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO NATURAL HISTORY.\*

THIS little book is a reprint of certain articles, chiefly in the *Quarterly Review of Agriculture*, of which nearly all refer to a highly important class of subjects. With meat steadily rising in price, and with the cattle-plague gradually extending its ravages, the question, What we shall eat? becomes steadily more pressing. Now the "Rural D.D." treats of natural history; but it is of natural history seen from the point of view of a man in danger, if not of starvation, yet of paying a shilling a pound for meat. He looks at every variety of beast, bird, or fish with a view to its capacities for affording food. He talks about salmon, not as a sportsman would talk, but as a cook. He is eloquent upon horseflesh, not in the acquired but in the primary sense of the word. He walks through the gardens of Acclimatization Societies much as a boy walks past a cookshop in the streets of London, mentally licking his lips. A fungus has charms for him, even though it belong to a species with poisonous qualities, because it is related to the mushroom. The essays in themselves are rather slight, and contain little original remark. They are, as is a natural result of their culinary tendency, chiefly reviews of French books; but they acquire a certain literary unity from being written so exclusively from a gastronomic point of view. The book may be recommended as a stimulant to the appetite, and should be read by any one who takes a melancholy view of the future of the human race. A Londoner is apt to think that the whole world will be so crowded before long that there will be no standing-room; he thinks of those calculations by which it is proved that the descendants of one herring would in a few years fill up the whole ocean, and wonders whether the steady rise in the price of meat implies that the experiment is actually being tried in the case of mankind. It will comfort him to reflect that there are so many things good to eat in this world, and so many places still entirely barren which might be turned to account in growing them. It is a scandalous fact that man, during the whole period of his existence upon earth, has only succeeded in domesticating forty-seven animals. To make out even this limited list, we must include sundry insects, such as the silkworm and the bee, and many whose distribution is by no means universal—such as the zebu, the goyal, and the arni. Consequently, as wild animals disappear, our bill of fare will become very limited unless further acquisitions are made. For butcher's meat we are still in the position of the Greeks, the Romans, and the ancient Egyptians. Now our choice of food may evidently be widened in two ways; we may introduce more animals capable of being eaten from foreign parts, or we may eat some of those which go to waste among ourselves. It seems to be difficult to name many animals, as yet undomesticated, which could be effectual rivals to the ox or sheep. There is indeed the yak, of which a small herd now exists in Paris, the contemplation of whose various perfections throws M. Quatrefages into ecstasies. "It has," he says, "a peculiar and very good flavour"; "its juiciness is perfect." And he holds that a yak beefsteak ought to be superior to one cut from the ox. The prejudices of a first eater, like those of a first discoverer, are doubtless apt to be misleading. When Livingstone saw the falls of the Zambesi, he was under a strong temptation to exaggerate their merits; and M. Quatrefages evidently feels, on his first meal of yak, like "the watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken." We must therefore make some allowance for his naturally sanguine expectations. Even M. Quatrefages, however, does not rank the yak alongside of the ox; he thinks it should be "the ox of the man of small capital, as the ass is already the horse of the poor." Its "native rusticity" condemns it to eat, as it were, of the crumbs which fall from the fat ox's table—to live in the high meadows of the Vosges or Pyrenees, and not to intrude upon the rich prairies of Normandy. The yak, therefore, would be a mere supplement to animals already in our service, and would consume some of the food which under our present system is never made useful.

It is more remarkable that we have already in our possession \* *Contributions to Natural History.* By a Rural D.D. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1865.

sion animals which are allowed to run entirely to waste. The "Rural D.D." is an ardent admirer of the new sect of hippophagi; he may even be considered as the first apostle of the hippophagous cause in England, where a foolish prejudice has hitherto allowed so much excellent meat to slip, metaphorically speaking, through our fingers. Possibly the traditional reverence for horses has prevented us hitherto from eating them; although there are, as we believe, savage tribes who show their respect for their parents by cooking them when they are too old for work. The horse, however, has lately made a sensation amongst Frenchmen. Their eyes have suddenly been opened to the various merits of horses; and, looking upon them unencumbered by the preconceived prejudices which still hamper English minds, it naturally occurred to a nation of cooks that horses were edible. Hippophagous banquets have been celebrated. *Charivari* has been full of facetious attacks upon the devotees of the new sect; it has reached the same position that is occupied in England by vegetarians or anti-tobaccoists, and with less annoyance to the outside world. No one can be annoyed by his neighbour's consuming his own horses. The hippophagous enthusiast does not revile you for continuing to partake of a harmless enjoyment, and propose to you a long course of self-denial. He simply offers to vary your diet and add a new dish to the poor man's table; he asks you plaintively, but not reproachfully, "Do you eat your horses yet?" He is, indeed, an enthusiast of a far more agreeable kind than those who always contrive to give their zeal an aggressive character. Of the new pleasure thus held out to us we have a glowing account from a French *savant*. A solemn feast was held, in which each dish prepared from the ox was balanced by a similar one from the horse. The verdict, given with an evident straining for impartiality, was that the soup was excellent, that the boiled horse was eatable and superior to cow-beef—rather a moderate eulogium from the proselytes of a new faith—but that the roast horse was simply exquisite. "The fillet of venison whose aroma it recalls is not its superior." Collateral advantages are manifest. Old horses, instead of being cruelly worked till they are moving skeletons and masses of sores, will be fattened for the market; and whereas some cavillers vainly object that horseflesh would only be good so long as the animal was young, it is asserted that most satisfactory meals have been made upon horses from seventeen to twenty-five years old. The opponents of the new sect have, indeed, been driven to great logical straits if they have argued, as the "Rural D.D." informs us, that the consumption of horses must ultimately lead to the consumption of men—a form of argument which was paralleled by that of his Scotch cook, who solemnly prayed for him after consenting to cook his horrid repast. After thus qualifying himself as a practical convert, we are not surprised at his indignation against those who would cut up his theory by the roots by recommending a vegetable diet. He asserts vigorously that a liberal use of animal food is necessary to keep the human frame up to the due standard of strength. He brings forward the rather irrelevant case of a lion who for many years had been fed upon milk-soup, and was consequently as quiet as a lamb. The noble animal was restored to his usual vigour by horseflesh. Some one has twitted him with the case of a vegetarian blacksmith who, still more strangely, was a teetotaller. His only consolation is to ask grimly, how long will that blacksmith last? There is no doubt that poor people would be enormously benefited by anything which would make meat cheaper; and if they can overcome their prejudice against horseflesh, we can have no objection to their making the experiment.

It is true, too, that this is not the only case in which a considerable source of supply is cut off by a not very defensible prejudice. People, for example, have a prejudice against all funguses except the mushroom. It is true that there is some excuse for this. Many of them yield an insupportable stench, and imitate the savour of a stale poutice, or the smell of tallow, or of putrid meat. Besides this, the mere experimental tasting of them will produce "contraction of the jaws, pain, sickness, and delirium." Moreover, the inquisitive eater may not find out his perilous condition until it is too late to save himself. At the same time, England is rich in excellent funguses; there are districts abroad where properly cooked funguses are for weeks together the sole diet of thousands; and a whole list may be given of funguses whose qualities are only discriminated by the various degrees of energy with which they are asserted to be delicious. One is so excellent that a certain Battara insists that, if made into soup, it will raise the dead. And finally, if you do find yourself ill after eating funguses, you may be sure, says the "Rural D.D.," that it is only because you have eaten too many of them; an assertion which we can fully believe.

In the various animal products which intervene between horses and fungi the "Rural D.D." finds much cause for lamentation; there are so many things which we might eat, but do not eat, and so many other cases in which we neglect the great law that you cannot eat your cake and have it. For example, the Scotch peasant resolutely looks upon an eel as a serpent, and refuses on any account to touch it. How much useful food is thrown away by this perfectly groundless squeamishness may be imagined from the use made of eels by the fishermen of Comacchio. The lagoon upon which they live forms an immense marsh, 140 miles in circumference, and from 3 to 6 feet deep. It has been transformed into an immense field for the cultivation of fish; the largest part of the harvest consisting of eels. The fish come up in immense quantities from the sea and enter the lagoon, which has been laboriously intersected with dykes and canals, forming a huge hydraulic appa-

atus. They grow to a considerable size in the lagoon, and are caught in certain skillfully constructed labyrinths, which they enter from a migratory instinct, under the impression that they are returning to the Atlantic. The annual produce has amounted to near 4,000,000 lbs. weight, but seems to have lately fallen off. With the help of artificial pisciculture it is said that the produce may be increased to an almost unlimited extent. The "Rural D.D." is naturally great upon this culture. He delights in the details of planting oyster-beds; he describes how an Irishman named Walton invented the cultivation of mussel no less than six hundred years ago, and planted it near Rochelle, at which place he had been wrecked, and where it has flourished ever since. The mussels are altogether superior to our British mussel, a mollusc only fit to be used for bait; but even he would be worth cultivating if, as is stated, bait has become so rare that the estuary of the Tay has to be supplied with Clyde mussels, and they have to be sent as far as the Moray Firth. Then, again, we have a number of papers on salmon, in which the D.D. adds very little to the known controversies. We have the usual accounts of the success of the Stormontfield breeding ponds, which have become as necessary a part of every fishing disquisition as the history of the Rochdale Pioneers has of the talk of social philosophers. The D.D. complains bitterly of the small scale upon which the experiments are carried on. There is only one rearing pond, which makes it necessary to suspend the breeding during every other year; and there is only room for a paltry 300,000 salmon. His mouth positively waters at the thought of an experiment carried on upon a large scale with an animal which increases in three or four years to 115,200 times its original weight. Finally, the D.D. gets perhaps beyond his proper province, by enlarging upon "hirudiculture," or the cultivation of leeches. If not an article of food to us, we are an article of food for them; and he tells us that people have raised colossal fortunes by rearing these bloodthirsty brutes. Leeches are raised in great numbers about Bordeaux; the interesting creatures have to be fed twice or thrice in the year, and have a peculiar weakness for horses. Donkeys might also be used for the purpose, but their small feet are apt to sink too deeply into the mud of the marshes; they are, however, sometimes employed by the ingenious but cruel expedient of making them wear drawers, which are filled with leeches—the very thought of which is enough to make one's blood run cold. It seems that the leech may be successfully fed by a less cruel method. He has to be enclosed in a small flannel bag, and then carried to the shambles and immersed in a bath of warm blood. The use of the bag is to give him a point of attachment for sucking. He is then returned to the marsh to digest for the next few months.

These various methods of cultivating the waters give one at least the hope that, however full the world may become, we need never be reduced to want a fish dinner, nor a leech in case of necessity. Horses, after all, add but a limited amount to our diet. Fungi would probably pall upon the taste. But what with mussels, oysters, herring, salmon, and the many other fish which can be raised by human care, it seems as if a boundless food-producing province was added to the world; and the "Rural D.D." has certainly done good service in helping to spread information about it amongst his countrymen.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL CITY.\*

WHEN the worst nightmares of Prussophobia shall have been realized, and Prussia shall have become the capital of a united Germany, with the Belgian motto of *l'union c'est la force* inverted as its device, the second part of Count (perchance Duke) Bismark's task will commence. The many royal and ducal cities of Germany will then have become the tributary towns of an empire cursed with the most unmitigatedly hideous of capitals. Dresden, the Florence of the Elbe, and Munich, the Athens of the Isar; Brunswick with its tomb of Henry the Lion, and Hanover with its statue of another illustrious Guelph defiantly riding towards the railway station; Weimar with its classic reminiscences, and Schwerin with its lordly castle on the lake, will all be degraded into mere provincial towns. United Germany, instead of yearning for years, like Italy, for her natural capital, will have to take Berlin, and see what she and her rulers can make of it. If Count Bismark can then imitate the constructive as well as the destructive powers of his Imperial prototype, and beautify the present ungainly capital of Prussia into a queen of cities, he will well deserve a statue erected to him by the gratitude of a nation on the only elevation within reach, the heap of sand known under the appropriate appellation of the *Kreuzberg*.

Few English travellers whom neither public nor private business deprives of their freedom of choice are in the habit of losing their way to the City of the Plain, the oasis of stone and bricks in a Sahara of sand. Those who have been unfortunate enough to be deluded into a visit to Berlin are habitually silent as to their experiences of the Prussian capital. Nor is it easy to imagine what any man, with the exception of Mr. Sala, could find to say on the subject. It is indeed not difficult to enumerate many things which are not to be found at Berlin. There are no trees—with the exception of the Thiergarten and the famous limes in the one handsome street of the city. There are no churches worth visiting—a defect less noticeable here than elsewhere, inasmuch as there are also no church-

\* *Die Stadt der Intelligenz.* Von Schmidt-Weissenfels. Berlin: 1865.

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goers. There are no antiquities; for Berlin's history as a capital properly dates from the great Elector, and its chief historical edifice, the Royal palace, is the work of that magnificent monarch, the father of Frederick the Great. Such are some of the wants of Berlin, in compensation for which she has very little to boast of. This capital resembles a very small comet with a very large tail; i.e. there are two or three streets of palaces, museums, university buildings, and theatres, and a huge appendix of manufacturing suburbs. The latter constitute Berlin's real claim to be considered a great city. Within the last half century the number of its inhabitants has been nearly doubled; and what was a German *Residenz* of little more than ordinary size or pretensions has suddenly swelled into one of the leading manufacturing towns, not only of Germany, but of the Continent generally. Besides her manufactures, Berlin has another source of pride; we need not say that we refer to her intellectuality. But even this possession appears to be of no ancient date; for if we are to accept the view of M. Schmidt-Weissenfels, a well-known Parliamentary pamphleteer, it is exactly coeval with the existence of the Prussian Constitution, which, as every one is aware, has not yet attained to its majority, though certainly it has already passed through what French novelists call a *jeunesse orageuse*.

M. Schmidt-Weissenfels is the same writer to whom the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg not very long ago addressed his famous *Apologia pro vita sua*, and he has himself contributed with great success to the lighter Parliamentary literature of Prussia. Why he has tried his powers on the unpromising subject of general reminiscences of Berlin, we are unable to imagine. The streets and squares of London, the passages and *cafés* of Paris, will supply purveyors of political and literary gossip with an abundance of provender limited only by the extent of the long-suffering of their public. But Berlin, as we have already observed, has a political history which may be written in a very few lines, a Parliamentary history still in its teens, and a literary history comprising, besides the half-dozen academical stars of the Academy of Frederick the Great, only a few living celebrities. The personal reminiscences of Frederick the Great himself, though his statue adorns the capital, connect themselves rather with the neighbouring Potsdam and the palace of *Sans-Souci*; and the names of Voltaire and his compeers are not likely to haunt the traveller in the streets of the modern Prussian capital. M. Schmidt-Weissenfels has, therefore, in dealing with Berlin's political and literary past, wisely confined himself to the sparse reminiscences of the last two reigns. As gleaners following in the wake of a gleaner, we must not anticipate an ample handful of ears.

Frederick William III., though to his reign belongs the foundation of Berlin University, at present indubitably the leading high-school of Germany, and though he was the father of the United Church of Prussia, was a patron neither of the humanities nor of the arts. Under him, "Berlin was a dull, characterless, royal residence," with a few professors reading their lectures in it. His Court was studiously quiet and unostentatious, and his morganatic marriage deprived it of the most ordinary splendours of royalty. The accession of the late King, Frederick William IV., suddenly changed the aspect of society. When he mounted the throne, his head was full of a thousand dreams, very few of which he was able, not many of which he was by nature qualified, to realize. In his mind, a natural tendency to Liberalism, which broke forth with a flash in 1848, and hopelessly broke down before scarcely a year had rolled away, was overclouded by a romantic mysticism, noble in its origin, but utterly barren in its effects. At various periods the King was reported to be seized with a passionate admiration of the forms of the Church of England, and, probably with greater reason, to be seriously inclined towards the Church of Rome. An enthusiastic patron of art, he seemed to have an especial preference for those of its developments least in harmony with the spiritual tendencies of Northern Germany. A liberal protector of literature, he showed particular favour to such men as Tieck, who represented a phase of romanticism fast dying out, and Oscar von Redwitz, the solitary prophet of its still-born revival. In the earlier period of his reign, it seemed as if Berlin, the leaders of whose University stood in the van of German free-thought and inquiry, was destined to become the meeting-place of all the fossil romanticists of either sex. There lived Henrietta Paalzow, a now half-forgotten star, the author of *Godwie Castle* and *St. Roche*, whom M. Schmidt-Weissenfels ungallantly calls "the ladies'-maid of the aristocracy." She was the representative of an extremely innocent side of the "feudal" tendency, and the description of her habits and manners of life may be found amusing in these days of lady-novelists, publishing their three volumes per season, and self-initiated into all the vulgar mysteries of Bohemianism and slang:—

Neither the Princess Liegnitz [the widow of King Frederick William III.] nor old Prince Wittgenstein, neither Savigny nor the old minister Eichhorn, Prince Pückler, Humboldt, Rauch, Shelling, Tieck, Meyerbeer, Count Redern—no one overlooked this celebrated and popular authoress; every one had a compliment and a courteous word for her, and she might ever be found in the centre of a group, like a sun in whose beams is warmth. . . . This popular personage had a salon of her own in the Oranienburger Street by the Monbijou Gardens. The assemblies there had the character of conversations. She was extremely ceremonious, very affected, but not without soul. . . . Her walk was solemn, her countenance serious, her conversation slow and measured, her attitudes even theatrical. At the same time she appeared in a purposely picturesque and unusual costume; she seemed to imitate the aristocratic, mediæval heroines of her novels in all external points, as if she delighted in representing one of her feudal ladies, a *châtelaine* in a velvet gown of many folds, with a tight body of the dress,

and a pocket with a bunch of keys dangling from her side—figures such as she has so frequently drawn. In her rooms all was Gothic, old-German, as if chairs and tables had been taken out of ancient castles. The service used at table was mediæval; a crucifix stood amongst statuettes and busts of modern celebrities; pictures in oil of all kinds, chiefly Madonnas and apostles, hung on the walls. Her study was a turret-room, with a view on the park. Here the Paalzow sat *en grande robe*, as if prepared to receive fashionable company, at her writing-table, which was of course Gothic, and every day regularly wrote a quantity, accurately fixed beforehand. As a poetess she had her working-hours, which were so accurately measured out that nothing was ever either added to or subtracted from them. When the clock struck noon, the Paalzow was sure to have finished her task, and no power on earth was able to induce her to resume her pen in the course of the day. She took pride in her labours, which she actually considered in the light of great services rendered to the aristocracy.

Her chief rival was the famous Countess Hahn-Hahn, who began her literary life by a crusade in favour of two principles not usually advocated in unison—the divine right of the feudal aristocracy, and the inhuman wrong of the married state. M. Schmidt-Weissenfels, like most other German critics, is very hard on this enthusiastic lady, who, after writing nearly half a hundred novels, has retired into a convent to write more, though of a less dishevelled kind. In a history of human enthusiasm her life would deserve a prominent place; but, whatever may be thought of her literary merits, it must be conceded that her course as an authoress has not been a downward one, and that, if the fire of her manifold experiences has consumed some of her exuberant vivacity, it has refined what she really possessed of literary power.

On another circle of Berlin society during the reign of King William IV., which may in truth be described as its salt, and which formed a connecting link between the Court and the University, between the political and the literary world, it is unnecessary to enlarge. The public has seen much—even too much—of the "interiors" of Humboldt and Varnhagen, and many eyes are still winking at the flood of light which the letters of the former, and the diaries of the latter, have let in upon the Berlin society of the last twenty years. The responsibility for a premature publication of what, fifty years hence, will be an invaluable source for the political and social history of the Prussian Court and Government, rests with Varnhagen's niece; the world cannot help reading what is laid before it, and the diaries of Varnhagen are reminiscences of Berlin after which all others appear intolerably stale and flat.

We will accordingly not follow M. Schmidt-Weissenfels into the Prussian Houses of Parliament—into the stuccoed mansion of the loyal Lords, or the more famous building on the *Dönhofsplatz*, formerly the office of the Censorship of the Press, and now the theatre of free speech, the only freedom which Prussia has contrived for the present to preserve out of the wreck of the revolution. Nor will we do more than refer to his dramatic and musical reminiscences, of which more might have been made, and to his description of coffee-houses and pastry-cooks' shops, which are indeed the clubs of Berlin, but of which a shorter account would have sufficed us. Fifty years hence, they too may have acquired an historical interest; but until that time even the most sympathetic narrative of their glories, as in the case of most other institutions in the Intellectual City, runs a risk of proving as flat as the desert which surrounds it, and as insipid as the scum-topped beverage in which its citizens take so singular a delight.

#### WOMAN'S WORK.\*

AS a rule, men are quite prepared to admit that women might be a great deal better in many ways than they are. Men are often fully as dissatisfied with the condition of women as women are themselves. There is no resolute antipathy on the part of most sensible people to any projects for giving their sisters and daughters something more to do in the world than the unwritten laws of social etiquette or sentiment seem as yet to permit. But really the few ladies who take an active part in emancipating their sex from the fetters which traditional feeling and opinion have imposed may thank themselves for the ridicule or neglect with which their impassioned advocacy has had to struggle. They never seem to regard the greater freedom of women as a part of social progress, which can only come about in its turn. The endless folly which so many of them have talked about the brutal and selfish despotism of males shows how little they understand the true aspect of their own cause. It may be laid down as a law that, as civilization advances, there is a tendency to assimilate a great deal more closely the duties, rights, and general condition of women to those of men. The position of women is the result of all the conditions which make any given age what it is. It is not the selfish cunning of one sex or the craven servility of the other which keeps them in a certain place. The same causes which conspire to give an epoch its general character affect women along with the rest, and hence the unreasonableness of furious writers like the late Mrs. Farnham, who reviled men and women equally, the one for being odious and despicable tyrants, and the other for suffering themselves to be made debased slaves. It is an easy generalization from the past that the distance between men and women in legal rights, in social privileges, in the liberty of independent action, is made less as a society progresses. It was notably so in the history of the Romans, and the tendency is just as unmistakable in our own social history during the last fifty years. The improvement of

\* *Essays on Woman's Work.* By Bessie Rayner Parkes. London: Strahan & Co. 1865.

men and the improvement of women are both carried on by the same original motive force, though they may not both advance towards a common ideal. Whoever regards what has received the repellent and displeasing name of the Woman Question except as part and parcel of general progress is sure to have to fall back either on stupid invective and declamation, or else on thin and fantastic crotchets.

Miss Parkes deserves great credit for having avoided this common stumbling-block. She has a very distinct perception of the indisputable truth, which would scarcely be worth stating if it were not so persistently overlooked, that whatever theory one holds about the business of women in society, it must in some way flow from our theory about things in general. As she most justly says, "questions which involve the education, employment, morals, and manners of our sex are of course subordinate to those deeper philosophical and religious questions which concern the whole of humanity, and they will be judged according to the general intellectual cast, and in great measure according to the religious belief, of each individual." It is quite plain that theories as to the final cause for which women exist must vary with the direction of the broad current of opinion about duty and happiness and everything else that affects, not women only, but the whole race. People may believe that women will best consult their own happiness, and most efficiently promote the happiness of the rest of the world, either by adhering to strictly domestic pursuits, or by plunging boldly into competition with the sex which has hitherto enjoyed a monopoly of most kinds of active business. But, in either case, the view on this particular question springs from a deeper set of views as to the comparative desirableness of all the various ends and aims of human conduct. Inconsistency in this respect between a man's general theory and his particular theory is, it may well be admitted, more than sufficiently common. Great allowance has always to be made for the subtle and irresistible influence of tradition, which enters so profoundly into the sentiments of even the most outrageous rebels against tradition, and which so constantly, and often so startlingly, draws men right away from the inevitable conclusions of their own premises. Only by very slow degrees does anybody acquire a conception of the natural scheme of things which is not only broad and comprehensive, but is also coherent in all its parts. Still it is worth while insisting that a movement which affects one whole sex should be measured and judged by some sort of general theory of life. And, as Miss Parkes may perhaps be taken to imply, the reason why hitherto women have been confined within narrower limits of activity than those in which men have exerted themselves is simply that hitherto men and women have neglected to apply their theories of life, or at least to work out from them all that they contained. For instance, Mr. Mill's centre idea as to the welfare of a progressive society is the importance of allowing the utmost possible room for the development of the individual. Society only gets the most out of the members which compose it when each of them is not only permitted but encouraged to think and act in his own way, without regard to what others may think best for him. No man should pretend to prescribe to anybody else the active pursuits in which he may engage, or the train of thought or set of subjects to which he may without sin give his mind. Every person is the best judge of his own interests, and neither law nor social pressure ever can be brought to bear against this freedom without inflicting damage. Well, this may be a sound and exhaustive theory, or it may not. But nobody can hold it sincerely and thoroughly without rapidly perceiving that, to be consistent, we must refrain from asserting of women that they unsex themselves, or outrage the plain dictates of nature, by rushing into professions. If a woman has a fancy for extracting teeth, or drawing demurrers, or becoming a Parliamentary candidate, on this theory we have no sort of right to constitute ourselves judges, still less actually to prevent her from gratifying her taste. Miss Parkes apparently is no follower of Mr. Mill, for she believes that "her house, and not the factory, is a woman's happy and healthful sphere." But she understands the necessity of talking about the education and employment of women as matters that cannot be viewed apart from some general principle of society, and some general theory of the things which are best worth doing or possessing in the world.

Miss Parkes's essays on Woman's Work have nothing to do with the grand subject of Woman's Rights, unless, indeed, the right of keeping one's self from starvation is one of the points of the female charter. And this would probably be conceded by the bitterest opponent of all the schemes for making women like men. If the only alternative lay between dying of hunger and turning doctor or barrister, the College of Surgeons and the Inns of Court would no doubt open their doors to the strange comers. It may be a very sad and inauspicious thing for a young lady to turn watch-maker or public lecturer, but still it would be a great deal better than lying down in the gutter to die. It is all very well for Miss Parkes to say that "it is better to be starved in body than made worse in the moral and spiritual life." With far the greater portion of mankind bodily want is incompatible with spiritual elevation; neither is it too much to say that, with the majority of those who exist habitually on the verge of starvation, moral and spiritual being is certainly not dead, but it is in a condition practically tantamount to death. But what Miss Parkes seeks is some means by which, while the body is sustained, the higher sort of spiritual life may not be extinguished. Modern civilization has brought to women fresh dangers on both sides. There are two tendencies at work.

The immense increase of large manufactures draws women away from their homes, and from that domestic life in which, according to Miss Parkes's view, they must always find their true happiness. Work which formerly was done at home is now done in huge factories. Homes are robbed of all comfort and sunshine. Girls have no domestic training. Their health is damaged, and they give birth to an enfeebled progeny. But there is something even worse than this "absorption of women into non-domestic industry." "While the prevailing tendency of our time is to draw women out of domestic life, it is a purely economical and selfish tendency, acting by competition alone, and casting aside unprofitable material." Or, in short, "women are more and more left to provide for themselves, and society takes hardly any trouble to enable them to do so, either by education or by opening the doors to salaried employments." Miss Parkes is convinced that in no other country in the world are so many women allowed to "drift helplessly about, picking up the scanty bread of insufficient earnings." The case is very clearly stated. Women are being more and more drawn into undomestic and badly remunerated employments. And at the same time, while society expects, with increasing tenacity, that women shall more and more be their own bread-winners, it makes no correspondingly increased effort to open for them the higher and better-paid means of bread-winning. There is a physical evil, that large numbers of women are kept in a condition bordering on absolute destitution. And there is a moral evil, that those who earn good wages are deprived of any chance of acquiring the domestic virtues so proper to womanhood. Unfortunately Miss Parkes is better able to describe the nature of the mischief than to suggest remedies. She quite understands that the critical question is, how the principle of benevolence can be brought in well and wisely to counteract evil and selfish dealings which a superficial view of political economy might be supposed to protect. But her pages scarcely contribute many considerations likely to further the solution of the difficulty. Their object, in fact, is perhaps no more than to call attention to the existence of a movement actually in progress among women who have their own living to make. So far Miss Parkes's little book is sufficiently useful. But the time is perhaps ripe for a more scientific and exhaustive treatment of this most grave subject. Movements such as those which Miss Parkes and others are conducting deserve all admiration and respect. Still they are only fragmentary and occasional. They alleviate the distress of the moment, and are, so far as they go, in the right direction. But they lead nowhere. They are marked by no clear insight into the causes of the existing state of things. Indeed these causes are never likely to be fully understood until somebody has the courage once more to go thoroughly into the all-important question of population and the kindred questions about marriage. So long as the current doctrines remain, that in the first place every woman's undivided effort should be to find a husband, and in the second that to have a large family is a very fine achievement, it is impossible to hope that a sensible and effective way of looking at "the Woman Question" will generally prevail.

Although she has written a very sober and reasonable book on the whole, Miss Parkes is not without her literary weaknesses. She has been so fortunate as to visit Italy, and, as was the case with Miss Cobbe, she seems to have found the atmosphere of that famous land a powerful stimulant to fine thoughts and fine language. In an introductory passage that may be meant to resemble Gibbon's immortal description of the origin of his book, we are told how Miss Parkes ascended to the top of the enormous arches of the Baths of Caracalla, and there, "sitting high up amidst the gigantic ruins and looking out over the domes and towers on to the broad gray sweeps of the Campagna, from Albano to Soracte, my mind reverted to the home work, to the ferment of thought and feeling in our periodical press, and particularly to the numerous discussions everywhere rising upon the claims and duties of women, to the stirring life which rested not an hour, while that calm setting sun sinking into the western waters of the Mediterranean touched with crimson the pinnacles of St. John Lateran and the round roof of St. Stefano on the Cælian Hill, and lit up the green slopes where Tusculum and Alba Longa are seen no more." Then, marvellous to relate, "As I looked over their vast expanse, there suddenly rose before my mind a vision of the countless multitude of women who have here lived and died." Happily, this strange mixture of the style of Mr. Ruskin with that of the Apocalypse is not repeated. After this little preliminary burst of genius, Miss Parkes subsides into very good common sense, which is altogether preferable.

#### POST-MEDIEVAL PREACHERS.\*

MR. GOULD has chosen a good subject, and might have made a very instructive as well as amusing book. In the present dearth of good preachers, among all bodies of Christians, any one would command a hearing who could show why modern sermons are generally so bad, and could give some useful hints for amending them. Mr. Gould is severe enough, though not perhaps more than is deserved, on the flatness and stupidity of such books as Simeon's *Horæ Homileticæ* and Scott's *Commentary*; but he is silent as to the proper qualities of a really good modern sermon. It is true that he gives many extracts from certain

\* Some Account of the most celebrated Post-Medieval Preachers. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1865.

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little-known Roman Catholic preachers of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; but we confess that we do not find these specimens much more interesting or attractive than those which we hear from most modern pulpits. Mr. Gould should have taught his brethren of the clergy what to avoid, as well as what to imitate. At any rate, he might have pointed out more unsparringly the bad logic, the far-fetched allusions, the inconclusive deductions, and the tedious verbiage which—judging from these quotations—were scarcely less characteristic of “post-medieval” than of nineteenth-century preachers. The author claims that his volume has not only theological, but biographical and bibliographical interest. At all events, he introduces us to a select party of almost unknown, and very quaint and old-fashioned, preachers. Perhaps his object is to reconcile his contemporaries to what they may be called upon to suffer Sunday after Sunday, by proving to them that they would have been far worse off had they “sat under” Meffreth, or Adrian Mangotius, or Maillard. One of these post-medieval worthies has left a sermon which would take above two hours in delivery.

According to our author, pulpit eloquence waned to a very low pitch indeed about the close of the fourteenth century. An absurd affectation of manner, and studied gestures, were reckoned of the highest importance. “Lack of matter was supplied by profanity and buffoonery.” A sermon by one Oliver Maillard, printed in Bruges in 1500, has marginal notes or stage directions to this effect, “Sit down—stand up—mop yourself—ahem, ahem—now shriek like a devil.” This same Maillard, a fifteenth-century preacher, preached sixty-eight sermons on one text (Exodus xxxiv. 2), and forty-four on another. The revival of letters seems to have affected Christian oratory as well as Christian art with paganism. Preachers quoted the heathen mythology almost as often as the Bible. Thus a monk preaching on the Feast of St. Peter illustrated the apostle’s denial of his master by a reference to the fable of Daphne and Apollo. And Camus, Bishop of Belley at the beginning of the seventeenth century, preaching on Christmas Day, compared our Lord to Bellerophon mounted on his Pegasus, to Horatius conquering the three Curiatii of ambition, avarice, and sensuality, and to Hercules vanquishing Cerberus. As a specimen of vituperative eloquence and good taste, take the following from the Père Guérin, preaching against some immoral poems of Theophilus Viaud in 1625:—

Cursed be the hand which wrote them! Woe to the publisher who had them printed! Woe to those who have read them! Woe to those who have ever made the author’s acquaintance! But blessed be Monsieur le premier Président, blessed be M. le Procureur-Général, who have purged our Paris of this plague. You are the originator of the plague in this city; I would say, after the Rev. Father Garasse, that you are a scoundrel, a great calf! But no! shall I call you a calf? Veal is good when boiled, veal is good when roast, calfskin is good for binding books; but yours, miscreant, is only fit to be well grilled, and that it will be to-morrow! You have raised the laugh at monks, and now the monks will laugh at you.

But this is less intolerable than such buffoonery as that of one Gabriel Barlette, a Dominican monk, and a very popular preacher (about 1480). Speaking of the Saviour’s temptation, he continued:—

After this victory over Satan, the Blessed Virgin sends him the dinner she had prepared for herself—cabbage, soup, spinach, and perhaps even sardines.

Compared with this, it was a mere harmless eccentricity of Maillard, when preaching at Thoulouse, to take for his text the ballad “Bergeronnette Savoisiennne,” and to sing it at the top of his voice.

To the influence of the Reformation, and the example of the first great Protestant preachers, Mr. Gould attributes the general revival of pulpit eloquence in Europe in the sixteenth century. But, in his opinion, the art of preaching in the Reformed Churches soon decayed, “while the Roman Church, having once napped, never let herself fall asleep again.” He is probably right in declaring that the Protestant preachers of that time showed less knowledge of Scripture, and less acquaintance with the Bible as a whole, than their rivals. But we do not think that the passage which he quotes in support of this remark from a sermon by one Königstein much helps him to prove his point. In fact, the extract reads very like the tessellated discourse of a modern preacher; and we fail to see the propriety or pertinency of this stringing together of texts. There is no doubt that it is one of the greatest of temptations to all preachers, ancient and modern alike, to be led astray by some verbal resemblance between one text and another, and to pile quotation upon quotation, without regard to the accurate connection of thought. It is this fatal facility of textual citation that is the cause of half the bad preaching in our own day. But, after all, we are not so badly off as the hearers of one Helmesius, who boasted that he crowded one hundred and seventy-five Scriptural quotations into a single Advent sermon.

Mr. Gould has not pointed out that another great cause of the ineffectiveness of modern sermons is the necessity of the preacher’s addressing, in one and the same discourse, a congregation comprising people of every degree of intelligence, education, and station. There is no escaping this difficulty. The London preacher, for example, will always have some poor and uneducated folk among his hearers; and the village curate stands in awe of the squire’s pew. The average result is a uniformity of tame mediocrity—our preachers adopting a peculiar style, as a kind of reluctant of forces, which suits no class of their hearers. Hence arises the further absurdity, once before mentioned in these columns, that our very missionaries too often carry out with them the very same

cut-and-dried type of discourse for the evangelization of Kaffirs or Hindoos. Philip von Hartung, a great Jesuit preacher of the seventeenth century, who is one of the best of Mr. Gould’s clients, met this difficulty by writing three sermons for every Sunday—one for a rustic audience, the next for a town congregation, and the third for a court chapel. He called his book “Concio tergemina, Rustica, Civica, Aulica.” As might be expected, the aulic sermon is poor enough, the preacher being “less at his ease, and more fettered by conventionalities.” But the rustic sermons are homely, vigorous, and pointed. Of the middle class, perhaps the hardest of all, Mr. Gould gives no specimen. We are here reminded of an observation of our author’s in another part of his book, that the sermons of the great St. Augustin must have been meant for the shopkeepers of Hippo. We altogether doubt the assertion. The sermons of this Father, such as are left to us, are evidently (we think) the substance or outlines of his addresses to his clergy. Nothing less suited than they are to the shopkeeping mind can be imagined. Joseph de Barzia, Bishop of Cadiz early in the seventeenth century, another of Mr. Gould’s worthies, seems to have been a successful preacher to unlettered congregations. Indeed, we take the extracts from this prelate’s sermons to be the best parts of the present volume. To him belongs the credit of breaking through the old tradition of a merely expository discourse, and of introducing the method of a concentrated discussion of some single point, which may be taken as the type of the best modern sermon. De Barzia was particularly happy in his illustrations. Here is a specimen:—

It is worth noting, the manner in which the sea-crab gets an oyster and eats it. In the morning early the oyster gapes, that it may bask in the sunbeams. Then up steals the crab, not boldly advancing upon the fish, or it would at once close its shell and escape him or clutch him tight by his claws. What course does the crafty animal adopt? It takes a little pebble and tosses it into the oyster. This prevents the valves from closing, and then he rushes up and devours the oyster at his leisure. Soul of man! just so comes the evil one towards thee; not alluring thee to some sin of horrible deadliness, but flinging a little pebble—a tiny fault—into thy heart; and if thou cast it not from thee at once, but keepest thy heart still unclosed, he obtaineth an entry and destroyeth thee utterly.

De Barzia is certainly not inferior to the more famous Italian, Paolo Segneri, some of whose sermons have lately been translated by an English divine.

Another considerable Spanish preacher was the Jesuit Osorius, who delivered two sermons at the fitting out of the Armada, and another at its discomfiture. These discourses are published, under the heading *Cum Nostri Redirent ab Anglia re infecta*. Mr. Gould’s extracts from this writer are of much interest. Osorius was very happy in his similes, and seems to be singularly free from exaggeration. To him is due the striking thought that the pulses of the heart which one hears as one lies in bed are the strokes of two wood-cutters, Flux and Reflux, engaged night and day in laying their axes to the root of the tree of life within. Our compiler is not a bit too hard, we think, upon Meffreth, a German preacher of the fifteenth century, whom he charges with a want of what theologians call “unction.” He certainly was intolerably tedious, and his sermons, judging from the extracts here given, are infinitely subdivided and very trifling, besides being founded, in many cases, on some preposterous fable in natural history. But he relieved them with frequent anecdotes and jests, of which we will select one:—

A fat priest was carving a capon in Lent, when his servant burst out laughing behind his back. “Sirrah, what are you laughing at?” asked the globular parson. “Oh, your reverence, excuse me, but I could not help thinking what a lot of dripping there would be from you, when hereafter the devils have the roasting of you.”

Another of the preachers commemorated in this volume is Matthias Faber, the Jesuit (1653). He published 1,096 sermons, all of them (it is declared) full of matter, and such as would be acceptable to an English congregation. There ought to be a run upon his works at the theological booksellers’. We can only enumerate Gabriel Biel, a Swiss priest (about 1500); Jacques Marchant, a pupil of the famous Cornelius a Lapide, a graceful, poetical, and refined preacher; Maximilian Deza, an Italian (1610), an eloquent but rather pedantic pulpit-orator; and Francis Coster, the Jesuit (1531). Besides these there is, lastly, one Jean Raulin, a Cluniac of Paris (1514), whose discourses seem to have been so trifling and unprofitable—“a mere tissue of Sunday puzzles”—that he scarcely deserved admission into this selection. And yet he was the first originator of a capital story, which has been verified by Southey, and which is not a little diverting in its original Latin. It comes from a sermon on Widowhood:—

Dicitur de quâdam viduâ, quod venit ad curatum suum, querens ab eo consilium, si deberet iterum maritari, et allegabat quod erat sine adiutorio, et quod habebat servum optimum et peritum in arte mariti sui. Tunc curatus: “Bene, accipite eum.” E contrario illa dicebat: “Sed periculum est accipere illum, ne de servo meo faciam dominum.” Tunc curatus dixit: “Bene, nolite eum accipere.” At illa: “Quid faciam? non possum sustinere pondus illud quod sustinebat maritus meus, nisi unum habeam.” Tunc curatus dixit: “Bene, habeatis eum.” At illa: “Sed si malus esset, et vellet mea disperdere et usurpare?” Tunc curatus: “Non accipiat ergo eum.” Et sic semper curatus juxta argumenta sua concedebat ei. Videns autem curatus quod vellet illum habere et haberet devotionem ad eum, dixit ei ut bene distincte intelligeret quid campanæ ecclesiæ ei dicerent, et secundum consilium campanarum ipsa faceret. Campanis autem pulsantibus, intellexit juxta voluntatem suam quod dicerent: *Prends ton valet, Prends ton valet*. Quo accepto, servus egregie verberavit eam, et fuit ancilla quæ prius erat domina. Tunc ad curatum suum conquesta est de consilio, maledicendo horam quæ crediderat ei. Cui ille: “Non satis audisti quid dicant campanæ.” Tunc curatus pulsavit campanas, et tunc intellexit quod campanæ dicebant: *Ne le prends pas, Ne le prends pas*. Tunc enim vexatio dederat ei intellectum.

In conclusion, we may express a hope that Mr. Gould, should this not unamusing volume reach another edition, will recast his introduction into something more like a formal treatise on modern preaching. He tells a capital story, from his own experience, about a sermon on Felix trembling, which pursued him from watering-place to watering-place. He will be a public benefactor if he laughs his colleagues into better preaching, both as to matter and as to manner.

#### THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.\*

ALTHOUGH most persons of ordinary information are aware of the existence of a special class of officers constituting the Royal Messenger service, and have formed to themselves some vague idea of the general nature of their duties, there are probably few beyond the official pale itself who possess any exact and definite knowledge either of the functions of a Queen's Messenger, or of the organization which prevails in that mysterious body. Whether the demand for their services is a part of the everyday business of diplomacy, or is limited to occasions of unusual importance, such as wars, revolutions, or royal contracts of marriage, the curious public has but little opportunity of learning. How far those services themselves may be in process of supersession, as the expansion of the telegraph system affords a speedier medium of communication than the swiftest of human emissaries, is another point on which the same public might plausibly speculate. Since the Crimean war ceased to bring forward occasional notices of the flittings to and fro of those carriers of mysterious despatch-boxes big with the fate of nations and of Ministries, and to astonish us with the preternatural feats of travel achieved by those wearers of seven-leagued boots, together with the frightful risks and hardships incurred in the performance, many have doubtless wished that some one in the secret would lift the veil which seemed to hang over the doings and the constitution of the corps, and afford us a little insight into the duties, the qualifications, and the experiences of that special class of Her Majesty's servants. A certain kind of mythic halo even may be said to have gathered round the body, so mysterious were the stories popularly whispered of the craft and subtlety required at times to convey Her Majesty's behests through hostile cordons, or to preserve intact the seals of awful secrets of state which a thousand lynx-eyed spies were in league to penetrate; so appalling were the tales of strong and brave men brought to an early grave or premature decrepitude, as the penalty of sleepless nights, excessive fatigue, and scanty food. Many a one may have shuddered at being told that the pitiable object in a Bath chair, with youthful features wrung with pain or lined with premature old age, was only a Queen's Messenger paralysed after a few years of official service, or doomed to life-long rheumatism after that one solitary flight of an unprecedentedly few days across the frozen steppes of Russia. It can hardly fail, then, to interest the public in general when a gentleman is kind enough to raise for a while the veil of secrecy and reserve which has hung over this department of official life, and to give us something like facts to go upon when forming an estimate of the advantages and disadvantages incidental to such a career.

We are bound to say that Major Byng Hall's picture of the life of a royal messenger—drawn, we presume, from his own official experience—is not calculated to bear out the impression which so generally prevails as to the hardships and dangers which attend the ordinary discharge of those functions. His experience, on the contrary, is rather of a rose colour than otherwise. With an occasional intensifying of the risks and annoyances of ordinary travel, due to the absence of the element of choice in pushing on or yielding to impediments, there is not much in the way of suffering or privation in excess of what the amateur or unofficial tourist nerves himself to undergo; while there are exceptional advantages in the weight which official authority lends to the royal emissary, in the consciousness of national prestige, and in the possession of an important mission. All these, with the intervals of leisure and repose which occur between one official journey and another, such as in uneventful times may be counted upon with pretty constant frequency, must make the service, we should imagine, one greatly to be coveted by single men of sound constitutions, and of a disposition for varied travel. Of the actual conditions and organization of the service we could have wished that Major Hall had afforded us somewhat more ample and definite particulars. To some extent, it may be, these are written in the book of the chronicles of Reports on the Diplomatic Service, and in the pages of the Foreign Office List. Still, without rendering the narrative unduly pragmatical or dry, room might have been found for sundry bits of information to satisfy the curiosity with which many will have taken up the book, and to remove it more distinctly from the category of mere records of travel over ground already well trodden. The writer's style is graphic and lively enough, though marked occasionally by signs of laxity which may be taken to indicate a hand not thoroughly habituated to the practice of literary composition. On the whole, the picture here set before us of the life of a Queen's Messenger is of a cheerful and exhilarating kind; and, whatever amount of frost and heat and fastings often may fall to his professional lot, we may feel

certain that the red-letter days and seasons of jubilee are not few or far between.

Next to a Jesuit postulant waiting upon the call of the General of his Order, we can imagine no class of men whose energies must be kept in a more incessant state of waiting and watching than that of the "animated physical telegrams" to which our author facetiously likens the members of his profession. Hardly has the royal messenger had a chance of getting the kink of travel out of his back, and of recovering somewhat of the balance of sleep, by a few days' rest in quiet Devonshire or some other rural haunt, than down comes a bulky packet with the Foreign Office seal, which sets him in motion with the same prompt and unquestioning obedience as any slave of the lamp or of the ring. From the moment of his formal reception within the pale of the "Agapemone"—by which name, we are told, the office is familiarly known amongst the members of the family—he may be said never to be permanently or securely unpacked for a single hour. A pleasant voyage of initiation must have been that to which the author was bidden within a few hours of his appointment—namely, to Stockholm in the depth of winter, and at a date long anterior to the present advantages enjoyed by the traveller. During the Crimean campaign it was the fortune of a royal messenger to leave London once, if not twice, a week for Constantinople, or some other quarter of the East; and the writer of these notes was himself called upon to visit the Golden Horn no less than five-and-twenty several times. "He has visited the City of the Sultan when the snow lay thick on the surrounding scenery; he has lingered there day after day, when the brightest and bluest of skies, cloudless and clear, gladdened the heart of man; he has looked on the city when the keenest north-easter, after rushing across the Steppes of Russia, came up like a hurricane from the Black Sea, causing the Bosphorus to boil and toss like a troubled ocean, preventing all intercourse with the Asiatic shore." And from these varied experiences we may gather that he has become acquainted with well nigh every form of physical misery to which the flesh of man is heir. A friend of the author, on one critical occasion, actually reached the English embassy at Pera, a distance of 820 miles, in just five days and eleven hours on horseback, having to contend the whole of that time with wind and rain, besides "two heavyish falls," which happily came short of breaking bones. No wonder that he "felt a certain pride in hearing that it was considered the quickest journey ever performed in the winter," seeing that the best Tatars in the service of the Porte took six days to do it during fine summer weather. It may well be that it was this gentleman of whom the Premier, when speaking in the House of Commons of these servants of the Crown and the public as performing duties which "one would think it was almost impossible any human being would be able to go through with," made special mention as having been "three days in the saddle without quitting it, and having performed the journey in the worst weather, and under the greatest possible difficulties." It is difficult indeed to overrate the qualifications of mind and body, the physical force and moral courage, or the sense of duty and zeal for the public service, which could enable a man to cope with difficulties such as have been from time to time encountered by these bearers of despatches. Thus we read of "an upset in a winter snow-storm in the depths of an interminable Russian forest, with wolves howling around you, a drunken postilion, and an utter ignorance of the mother tongue of the country"; and of a rush across the swollen waters of the Rhone when half Avignon was under water, and when life and death hung upon the skill and nerve of the bow-oarsman of a frail boat in holding on to an iron hook as she shot the bridge. Happily the cord held fast. Here, true to the Englishman's sense of duty, the messenger astonished our French allies by insisting on his papers being first safe on land—"despatches first, self afterwards." In life or death he must see to the security of the precious deposit confided to him. "Had my body floated to the Mediterranean, I should have made a vacancy for some happy applicant; whereas, had the despatches in my charge gone down the dark rushing waters of the Rhone, I had no alternative but to follow them."

Travelling in Turkey is of course vastly facilitated by the possession of the "Poteragena," or pass to secure post-horses, which is granted to official and diplomatic travellers. The effect of this document was often magical in bringing forth cattle, often of the queerest breed and bottom, from the most hopeless quarters, and in silencing the clamours of the avaricious crowd at the door of the posting-house. Voyagers of old standing amongst us may recall the like miraculous working of the *passee partout*, or minor kind of firman, issued by old Ali Pasha to artists and others of the travelling class before the days of Greek emancipation, empowering them to lay hands, without thought of compensation, upon any hapless peasant's horse or fowl or household stuff whatsoever—his ox or his ass, or anything that was his—not even omitting perhaps the prior and more precious bits of property forbidden by the commandment to be coveted. A similar talisman is, we learn, in use within the kingdom of Sweden—by name the *Bricka*, in shape simply "an oblong piece of brass, on which are engraved the arms of Sweden, a number, and the words *Curir Bricka*." Waved in the air at moments of crisis or deadlock, this simple token proved potent to overawe a refractory post-boy and to urge his cattle onward with the utmost energy of voice and whip, or to wake up the stupid face of a surly boor who was previously blind to the existence of a single beast of burden or draught. The privilege of using these charms is generally confined to Government officials or Crown messengers, native or foreign. It

\* *The Queen's Messenger; or, Travels on the Highways and Byways of Europe.* By Major Herbert Byng Hall. London: John Maxwell & Co. 1865.

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THE fact sold in "L'Empire" French war sacrifice hu ambition. rably into meditations simple gran form master a treasury of fame. T appears to war of 181 which that biographer's reflections of Great, or P The war wi chosen with selfish adven The French intoxicated gloire. It v the first hal—that the through a se was the last families, was adversa uni precisely un We gather t shocking; b Napoleon I. of having go it. When they have n invoke Peace Olympus in which has n conclusion t of 1813 as of his desig sequel of fai embraced w into Russia But we has in our opin the war of grievances o Conscript p harrowing f paternal roo soldier enteri stones in the proof of M. C the Conscript departure hi market-place minutes after lies in the He is slight and has not are exulting so well out Hotspur—"I a soldier." humour thro author shows degree of inf taste for soldi practice. T adopted the p work of a cle

\* *The Conscript* London: Smith



is asserted that King Bernadotte, once wishing to reward one who had done him a good service, gave him a *bricka* for life, adding that it was the most useful present he could make him.

Among the sorest of the ills to which a royal messenger is exposed, must be, in the case of gentlemen of our author's cultivated and fastidious taste, the hasty and precarious fashion in which the daily meals are to be picked up. Certainly a large, and we should say undue, space is devoted in this book to the subject of gastronomy. Considering, indeed, the piteous way in which the writer recounts the instances of barbarism or ignorance which the cuisine of foreign lands has forced upon his notice, he leaves us in doubt whether the delights which his calling holds out to the gastronome in the way of novel and varied articles of diet are compensation enough for the trials which these rash and outlandish experiments entail upon the stomach.

#### THE CONSCRIPT.\*

THE fact that sixteen thousand copies of *Le Conscript* have been sold in France is a new tribute to that most popular discovery, "L'Empire c'est la paix." M. Chatrian's story relates to the French war of 1813, and points out how extremely wrong it is to sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives to one's own unprincipled ambition. There are some passages of it which would go admirably into Latin of that quality which we associate with the meditations of our youth *de gloriâ* or *de bello*. Indeed, if the simple grandeur of these subjects had not begun to pall on fifth-form masters, we should have scrupled to draw attention to such a treasury of observations on the blessings of peace and the vanity of fame. The strange thing about the book is that the author appears to aim at showing how peculiarly immoral the French war of 1812-13 was; and he does so by dwelling on the horrors which that war had in common with all wars. The Imperial biographer of Julius Cæsar need not feel hurt by M. Chatrian's reflections on the policy of the First Napoleon. Alexander the Great, or Pyrrhus, or Charlemagne would have done just as well. The war with Russia is as bad a subject as could well have been chosen with a view to presenting Napoleon I. in the light of a selfish adventurer, bent on hurrying a nation into gratuitous wars. The French nation, at the beginning of the year 1812, was intoxicated with continual success—mad with the passion for *la gloire*. It was in the spirit of the words which Tacitus makes the first half of his famous sentence—*prospera omnes sibi vindicant*—that the French army, in 1812, pursued the route of invasion through a series of triumphs of which the victory of the Moskowa was the last. After the retreat from Moscow, 400,000 bereaved families, wanting some one to blame, of course blamed Napoleon—*adversa uni imputantur*. As to the campaign of 1813, we do not precisely understand what view M. Chatrian desires to inculcate. We gather that he considers it to have been all very wicked and shocking; but what is the exact course which he would have had Napoleon I. to adopt? It is one of the unfortunate consequences of having got into a mess, that you have, if possible, to get out of it. When people have fought their way into countries where they have no business, it may be highly convenient suddenly to invoke Peace—that fresh and beautiful apparition who drops from Olympus in Aristophanes; but it does not follow that the side which has not had its innings will be satisfied by this graceful conclusion to the affair. M. Chatrian talks of the campaign of 1813 as if it had been an infatuated renewal by Napoleon of his design upon Russia, instead of being the necessary sequel of failure in an expedition which the French people had embraced with enthusiasm. In 1812, France fought her way into Russia; in 1813, she had to fight her way back again. But we hasten to acknowledge that, if M. Chatrian does not, in our opinion, make out a particularly strong case against the war of 1813, he is certainly successful in handling the grievances of the conscription system. Such a title as *The Conscript* puts the seasoned novel-reader on the alert for harrowing family scenes, heartrending separations under the paternal roof, and then, on the last page but one, an elderly soldier entering his native village, and directed to a pair of grave-stones in the quiet churchyard. We will merely mention, as a proof of M. Chatrian's remarkable self-denial in this respect, that the Conscript is an orphan, and that when the moment of departure has arrived, and the recruits are mustering in the market-place, the Conscript's cousin does not faint until some minutes after her admirer has "fallen in." The point of the story lies in the Conscript's ludicrous unfitness for martial pursuits. He is slightly lame, and of a weak constitution. He detests war, and has not a spark of military ambition. While his companions are exulting after a victory, he only congratulates himself on being so well out of it. He is of the mind of Henry IV.'s envoy to Hotspur—"But for these vile guns he would himself have been a soldier." This character is maintained with a great deal of humour throughout the Conscript's reluctant campaign. The author shows his skill in allowing his hero to attain that moderate degree of efficiency which a man without the slightest natural taste for soldiering might be supposed to reach by dint of enforced practice. The sufferings of a coward by constitution, who has adopted the profession of arms, have ere now formed the groundwork of a clever story. The Conscript is not exactly a coward to

begin with, and when his campaign is over he has not become exactly brave; but his progress in valour, within these modest limits, is exquisitely droll.

The tale opens at Phalsbourg in the spring of 1812. Joseph Bertha, the hero, is apprenticed to one Melchior Goulden, an old clockmaker of the town. They lived in a corner house fronting the *Bœuf Rouge*, the principal inn of Phalsbourg, and thus had a good opportunity of seeing the magnates of the French army, which from February to May kept streaming through to Russia:—

It was a sight to see the princes, ambassadors, and generals stop there—some on horseback, some in calèches, some in chariots, with braided coats, plumes, furs, and all kinds of national decorations. And on the high road it was worth while seeing the trains of couriers, messengers, convoys of ammunition, guns, waggons, cavalry and infantry! What stirring times!

At last, in the dark dawn of May 12th, the guns of the arsenal announced the master of all:—

M. Goulden, with a lighted candle, opened my door, saying, "Get up, there he is!" We opened the window. Through the dark I saw advancing at a hard trot under the French gate above a hundred dragoons, many of whom carried torches; they passed with a terrible rolling and stamping; the lights played on the fronts of the houses, and from all the windows were heard ceaseless cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" A horse came down suddenly at the stake of the butcher Klein, used for fastening up the oxen, and the dragoon fell in a heap with his head in the gutter; immediately a head leant forward out of the carriage to see what was the matter—a large, fat, pale face, with a tuft of hair on the forehead. It was Napoleon. He held up his hand as if to take a pinch of snuff, and spoke some words in an abrupt tone. The officer who galloped beside the carriage window bent down to answer him. He took his pinch, and the carriage turned the corner. That was all I saw.

From May to September the *sergent de ville* was constantly reading triumphant bulletins to the delighted Phalsbourgeois. To Deums and twenty-one gun salutes were perpetually celebrating new victories. Meanwhile, poor lame Joseph Bertha was steadily making love to his pretty cousin Catharine at the village of Quatre Vents, and devoutly hoping that it might not occur to His Majesty to have a conscription of cripples. Joseph had worked early and late to give Catharine a watch on her fête, December 18; and had spent the day very happily at Quatre Vents, Aunt Grédel providing pancakes with dried prunes, and little cakes dipped in wine spiced with cinnamon. On getting home at night, he is met by M. Goulden with these words: "At this moment, Joseph, there are 400,000 families weeping in France; our great army has perished in the frozen plains of Russia." The terrible twenty-ninth bulletin had that day been read in the *Place* of Phalsbourg. One of its passages ran as follows:—

"Our cavalry was so much dismounted that it was found necessary to unite all the officers who still had a horse remaining, in order to form four companies of 500 men each. The generals performed the functions of the captains, the colonels those of the subalterns." When this passage was read, which told more of the misery of the great army than all the rest, cries and groans were heard on all sides, and two or three women fainted.

Next morning, Melchior Goulden the clockmaker was too much overcome by sorrow to pay his usual Monday visit to the town clocks, and so Joseph went the rounds instead. Among other business, he had to call at one M. de la Vablerie Chamberlain's, to regulate a timepiece. On that day of public mourning, he was surprised to hear voices singing glees to the harpsichord in the next room. The explanation did not strike him at the moment; the family were Royalists of the emigration.

On January 15, 1813, there was a conscription, and Joseph drew No. 17. But a council of revision was to sit a week later, and Joseph was thought sure to get off. The commandant and the mayor knew him to be lame, and M. Goulden had not a doubt of his escape. Unluckily, Joseph determined to make safety doubly sure. He had heard of people in his situation swallowing unwholesome things to make themselves pale, or tying up a leg to bring out a varicose vein, and he resolved to look like an invalid. When he got up on the morning for his appearance before the council, the first thing he did was to rush to the cruet-stand, and drink off the vinegar. The result was that by the time he was dressed a glowing bloom had come out upon his cheeks; he looked the picture of ruddy and joyous health. On his way to the *hôtel de ville* he was paid compliments that dismayed his inmost soul. "How pleased and happy you look," said his aunt Grédel. An old gendarme started when he saw him—"That's right! that's right! Here's one at least who isn't sorry to be off. One can see the longing for glory in his eyes." He is shown into the council hall, and the *sous-préfet* at once exclaims:—

There's a healthy fellow for you! I rejoined politely—"But I am lame, M. le Sous-préfet!" The surgeons looked at me, and one of them, to whom the commandant had doubtless spoken of me, said—"The left leg is rather short." "Bah!" said the other, "it's sound." Then, putting his hand on my chest, he said—"There's a healthy conformation. Cough." I coughed as feebly as I could; but all the same, he declared I had good lungs, and added—"Look at his colour—that's good blood." I put in anxiously—"I've been drinking vinegar." "Ah, that proves you have a strong stomach," said he, "since you like vinegar."

But his doom was sealed by the malice of a rival in love—one Pinacle, a hawker, who admired cousin Catharine. Joseph was on the point of being let off on the score of his lameness, which the mayor attested, when the *sous-préfet* drew a letter from his portfolio. This letter stated that, six months before, Joseph Bertha had made a bet that he would go to Saverne and back quicker than Pinacle; that they had run together in less than three hours, and that Joseph had won:—

Unhappily it was true! That wretched Pinacle had always called me lame, and in my anger I had made this bet with him. All the world knew

\* *The Conscript*. Translated from the French of M. Erckmann Chatrian. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1865.

of it; I could not assert the contrary. "That settles the question," said the first surgeon; and turning to the secretary, he exclaimed—"Fit for service."

On January 25, the brigadier of the gendarmes brought Joseph's bill of route. It set forth that Joseph Bertha, native of Dabo, canton of Phalsbourg, *arrondissement* of Sarrebourg, was incorporated in the 6th regiment of the line, and was to join his corps at Mayence on January 29. Our space does not permit us to follow his campaign in detail, or to do justice to the clever touches which bring out the character of the man of peace in ludicrous contrast to his forced vocation. Joseph assisted at an affair on the Saale in April, 1813, in which the Russians were driven back on Weissenfels; and shortly after got a bullet in the shoulder at Lützen. Here is a glimpse of Ney as he came up to retrieve that field:—

All of a sudden something passed before us like a thunderbolt—it was Marshal Ney; he came up at full gallop, followed by his staff. I never saw such a countenance! his eyes flamed, his cheeks quivered with rage! In a second he had passed along the whole line, and was at the head of our columns. We followed him, as if drawn by a magic force: instead of retreating, we marched to meet the Prussians: ten minutes after, the air seemed on fire.

After Lützen, Joseph was in hospital at Leipzig for four months. He came out in time to be present at the tremendous *finale* of the campaign in November. The French forces, closing in upon Leipzig, were in their turn surrounded by three armies—the Russian or Northern army, led by the French renegade Bernadotte; the army of Silesia, led by Blücher; and the army of Bohemia, led by Schwarzenburg. After a day of fighting which lasted from ten in the morning till seven in the evening, and in which 130,000 French were opposed to 360,000 of the Allies, the order for retreat was at length given. Poor Joseph broke down by the way; and after twelve hundred ambulance carts had passed through Phalsbourg, Catharine at last recognised her betrothed in one of the basket-cars from Mayence, full of famished wretches all skin and bone. After a long illness he recovers consciousness to find himself in "a small well-warmed bedroom." It is January the 15th, 1814; Catharine—"a pale young woman"—is sitting by his side:—

"What is it I hear, Catharine?" I asked. "It's the guns of Phalsbourg," she said, embracing me still more closely. "The guns?" "Yes; the town is besieged." "Phalsbourg?—Then the enemy is in France?" I could not speak another word. And thus so many sufferings, so many tears, two millions of men sacrificed on the battle-field—all had resulted only in the invasion of our own country!

Why are French books, as a rule, so poorly translated in England? The English *Julius Cesar*, to take a recent example, had not long appeared before it had achieved a notoriety of its own. The present version of *Le Conscriit* is quite readable on the whole, but the fidelity of the translator's style often reminds us of Thackeray's delightful French-English.

#### BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES.\*

THE present moment is not favourable to the discussion of so extensive a question as the colonial policy of England. In fact, we are but beginning to see that, beyond laying down a few principles of extreme generality, it is impossible to devise any universal rule which shall be applicable to communities which have really nothing in common except British origin and British allegiance. For some time to come we may think ourselves well off if we can arrive at a satisfactory working policy for Canada, for Australia, or for New Zealand. That more comprehensive theory which is to be deduced from a comparison of all three may be left to the future to frame. In one respect, indeed, Dr. Hurlburt's book is exactly adapted to our wants. It has a very general title, but a very particular intention. He speaks vaguely of "Britain and her Colonies," but it is Canada whose interests he has at heart, and whose cause he is eager to uphold. The glories of the Canadian Confederation, and the wants of the Canadian Exchequer, were evidently present to his mind as he wrote each successive page. Considered from this point of view, a good deal of the book is simply superfluous. If the "best aid of any we can refer to in the solution of the problem which has so sorely vexed the statesmen of modern Europe" is to be derived from the study of the colonization of Asia Minor by the Æolians, or of Carthage by Tyre, we fear that the author is hardly prepared to learn with becoming submission the lesson which he prescribes to others. He is willing enough to argue that "the most successful instances of colonization amongst the ancients teach us the doctrine of *laissez faire* in reference to those vigorous offshoots from the parent stem"; but we doubt whether he is equally disposed to limit the amount of support afforded by the parent stem to its vigorous offshoots in accordance either with the Greek or the Carthaginian model. If his historical parallels are of any value, they point to a more sweeping consequence than he seems at all desirous to see in action. *Laissez faire* has the argumentative disadvantage of being a doctrine with two sides to it; and when Dr. Hurlburt envies the Æolian cities in Asia Minor their freedom from Æolian interference, he might be puzzled to find a precedent in the same quarter for certain claims on the Mother-country which appear to make part of his idea of the functions of a "vigorous offshoot." In fact, the historical chapters of the book are too brief and sketchy to be of any use whatever, and the only point in them which in any way deserves mention is the notice of the uniform

success which has attended the self-governing communities of the United States. We are apt to speak of democracy as having had too short a trial in the New World to enable us to pronounce any judgment on its political character. So far as the Union is concerned, this may be perfectly true, but we must not forget that the several States of the Union were virtually independent from the time of the first landing of their colonists:—

For two centuries and a half there have been no revolutions against those State Governments, no discontent; life and property have been secure. Self-government on the continent of Europe is but an experiment in the last half of the nineteenth century; in North America, beginning with small communities of Englishmen, it has proved a success uninterruptedly from early in the seventeenth century.

The political economy in *Britain and her Colonies* has more claim to be considered original. We are not surprised to find in a colonial politician a vigorous upholder of Protection, but it is a little startling to meet with an educated man in the present day who asserts positively that England is Protectionist also. "Great Britain," says Dr. Hurlburt, "adopts free trade only in name." He seems altogether unable to appreciate the economical difference between taxation for purposes of revenue and taxation for the purpose of enriching one section of the community at the cost of all the rest; and, not content with the assertion that no country can consistently proclaim freedom of trade which taxes foreign produce to the extent of 24,000,000*l.* a year, he makes it a further grievance that we raise 17,000,000*l.* more from the Excise. According to him, we are equally Protectionists whether we tax foreign wine or home-grown malt.

When we turn from the question of colonial policy in general to the question of our policy towards Canada in particular, Dr. Hurlburt speaks at all events with such authority as can be conferred by interest in, if not knowledge of, the subject of which he treats. But we look in vain for any clear statement upon the one point to which all others are subordinate—the real wishes of the Canadians themselves. It is not too much to say that if once these were ascertained, there would be no further hesitation in the mind of any English statesman upon the subject of the maintenance of our connection with the colony. It would be contrary to the whole tradition, to the very fundamental idea, of an Imperial policy, to cast adrift a population which wishes to remain united with us. Such a step would be repugnant to the highest national instincts, while it would carry with it so humiliating a confession of weakness as to far outweigh any additional strength which we might gain from the contraction of our assailable frontier, or the better husbanding of our resources for defence. The elaborate arguments, therefore, which Dr. Hurlburt, in common with most other advocates of the colonies, constructs to show the benefits which we derive from our colonial trade, are, in this respect, almost superfluous. It can never be unpleasant to have it demonstrated that we are the gainers by doing our duty, but it may be hoped that we should continue to do it without this agreeable additional argument on the side of virtue. No doubt we shall at once be met with the reminder that Canada has again and again proclaimed her desire to remain a part of the British Empire; but we must be pardoned for rejoicing, in our turn, that Canadian sentiment has not always been quite free from the suspicion of a material alloy. A desire pure and simple to be subject to the British Crown is an ample reason why the whole power of the Empire should be exerted, if need be, to make that desire effectual; but it does not follow that a desire to make a good thing out of the English connection would have an equal claim upon our sympathies, and, in the opinion of some people, the latter form of enthusiasm has of late years largely taken the place of the former among our North American fellow-subjects. Certainly, in the recent correspondence between the English and Canadian Cabinets there were considerable traces of a desire on the part of the colonial statesmen to make the best of the bargain. The maintenance by the Imperial authority of colonial defences implies a considerable expenditure of Imperial money in the defended districts; an Imperial guarantee is a very convenient addition to the security for the colonial debt; an inter-colonial railway, constructed at the Imperial cost, would open up new regions for profitable trade; and the acquisition by Canada of the unsettled North-west territory would give the colony an enormous increase of available land, or at any rate of what passes for such in the imagination of the Canadian public. These are all very natural, and some of them very legitimate, objects of ambition; but the wish to remain an English colony on account of these ulterior advantages is not such a feeling as would make it incumbent upon us to dismiss all other considerations which might stand in the way of gratifying it. And we do not think that of late the distinction between the two sentiments has been sufficiently kept in view.

Among the numerous questions which connect themselves with the future of Canada, the first place is probably to be given to the disposition of the North-west territory. Dr. Hurlburt's description of the country is certainly somewhat glowing:—

As high as latitude 60° in the interior "wheat is grown with profit," and where wheat will grow we have a climate most propitious to the cereals, grasses, and root crops, and most favourable for the ox, the sheep, and the horse. South of latitude 60° there is an area equal to all Europe, and on the very northern border of this immense territory "wheat grows with profit."

With a good deal of rhetorical exaggeration there is probably a good deal of truth in this picture. Mr. Hind, who accompanied the exploring expedition to the Red River organized by the Canadian Government in 1857, quotes a speech made to him by one of the principal settlers to much the same effect:—"Look

\* *Britain and her Colonies*. By J. Beaufort Hurlburt, M.A., LL.D. London: Edward Stanford. 1865.

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at that prairie; 10,000 head of cattle might feed and fatten there for nothing. If I found it worth my while, I could enclose 50, 100, or 500 acres; and from every acre get thirty-six to forty bushels of wheat year after year. I could grow Indian corn, barley, oats, flax, hemp, hops, turnips, tobacco, anything you wish, and to any amount; but what would be the use? There are no markets." Making due allowance for the fact that the speaker was naturally anxious to have a market brought to him, there is enough in this description to explain why the Canadians, especially the younger and adventurous men who want some more exciting and more profitable occupation than that of felling trees, should be eager to have this important district thrown open to them. But the real problem—and one from which up to this time no escape has, so far as we know, been found—is how to get there. Dr. Hurlburt recognises no difficulty of this kind. The St. Lawrence, with the great lakes and the connecting canals, "gives 2,000 miles of inland navigation to the head of Lake Superior, and in the direct highway to the vast and fertile plains of Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan." Unfortunately there is a very serious drawback to the use of the route in question. It comes to an end altogether just where Dr. Hurlburt judiciously closes his account of it—at "the head of Lake Superior." To the west of that point lie some three hundred miles of barren granite hills, intersected in every direction with a perfect network of lake, swamp, and river. Until some means of bridging this interval can be devised, the only means of reaching the North-west prairies, for emigrants who are unequal to a long and perilous canoe voyage, is by way of Minnesota; and if the settlement of the Saskatchewan has to be effected through the United States, it will be pretty sure to contain a large intermixture of settlers from the States, especially as the region within the Union to the west of Minnesota seems to be wholly unfitted for cultivation. Unless the Canadian Government are prepared with some feasible scheme for establishing a direct communication, lying entirely in British territory, between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods, their acquisition of the Saskatchewan will tend rather to weaken than to consolidate the connection between the North American colonies and the Mother-country.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

**M.** BARTHÉLEMY SAINT-HILAIRE'S work on Mahomet, recently noticed in this journal, took us back to the cradle of one of the most remarkable religious movements the world has ever seen, and, whilst discussing its characteristic features, kept chiefly on the ground occupied by the archaeologist and the philosopher. M. de Gobineau deals, on the contrary\*, with the contemporary manifestations of Islamism, or rather, we should say, with the religious tendencies of Asiatic nations in general. A long residence in the East and careful observation have enabled him to watch those tendencies closely, and to acquire an intimate knowledge of the peculiarities of Oriental thought. All the followers of Islam combine, he says, a faith more or less developed in some points of their religion with an extraordinary amount of free-thinking on the rest. But, instead of giving full expression to the spirit of inquiry, and proclaiming their semi-heterodoxy, they think it meritorious to keep it secret. Whenever circumstances compel them to make a public profession of faith, they consider that the grossest lies are praiseworthy, and boldly subscribe every declaration required from them. This singular theory of religious equivocation, known by the name of *ketman*, is, says M. de Gobineau, the key to the intellectual character of the Asiatic nations, and he hence infers that there can be little hope of converting the disciples of the Koran to Christianity. He then goes on to explain how the doctrines of the Sookies have modified, and are still modifying, the original character of Mahometanism; and he ends by describing the rise and progress of a new sect which, having about the year 1843 made its first appearance at Schiraz in Persia, has, under the name of *Babism*, attained very great popularity throughout the East. The word *Bab* means "gate"; the founder of the new religion, by assuming that name, declares that he is the gate by which men come to a knowledge of God; and, from the *résumé* given in M. de Gobineau's work, it would seem that Babism is merely a new species of mysticism or pantheism, combining the dreams of the Gnostics with those of the Neo-Platonists and the Chaldeans.

M. Félix Julien has published in a separate form an article contributed by him to the *Revue Contemporaine*†. It is on the subject of Universal Language, but the author devotes his attention merely to telegraphic signs, taking as the starting-point of his remarks the system of communication used in the navy. We cannot see how so imperfect a scheme could be applied to anything but the very simplest and most elementary requirements of trade. M. Julien must reconsider his theory before it deserves to be discussed in comparison with that of Dr. Lepsius and Professor Max Müller. The well-known lectures of this last-named scholar, delivered before the Royal Institution, have been appreciated in France quite as much as in England. In proof of this we may refer to M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's three articles on them, published by the *Journal des Savants*, and also to the excellent translation recently issued by M. Durand, and for which we have

to thank MM. Georges Harris and Georges Perrot.\* In an original preface, M. Perrot has very fully explained the nature of comparative philology and the help which it supplies towards the study of the history of mankind. We must also notice the additional elucidations inserted by the two translators; some of them are of considerable length, and all are extremely interesting.

The subject of language reminds us of Condillac, and we gladly welcome a new work written for the purpose of doing justice to the best representative of French sensationalism during the eighteenth century. M. F. Réthoré† assumes as an axiom that it is dangerous to import exotic doctrines into a system of "national" philosophy, and he is of opinion that the influence of Germany, identified with the obscure theories of Kant, Hegel, and Schelling, has altered for the worse the character of French thought. It is difficult, we confess, to see how metaphysics can be assimilated to literature as a national product; and at any rate we think that Descartes has quite as much right as Condillac to be considered the chief of the philosophical school on the other side of the Channel. Waiving this point, however, we value M. Réthoré's book for the details which it gives us about an eminent thinker, and for its lucid exposition of his system. The first chapter is an explanation of the theory of transformed sensation; we have then Condillac's views of reason, causality, aesthetics, and ethics; and in a concluding part M. Réthoré enlarges on the merits of empiricism as opposed to rationalism. He points out the difference which, in his opinion, separates Locke from Condillac. The former, he says, divides our ideas into two distinct classes, according as they are derived from sensation or from reflection, whilst the latter ascribes them all to sensation. M. Réthoré is equally anxious to show that his favourite philosopher cannot be made responsible for the vagaries of Positivism. M. Comte and his followers have, he contends, taken as their programme only part of Condillac's views. They have erroneously represented him as placing himself on the ground of theology; they take no notice of what he has done for the cause of true philosophy; and, finally, they fall into the error for which they blame their adversaries—namely, that of dealing with empty abstractions.

So true it is that no metaphysical system can manage without abstractions—not even the one upheld by the *Encyclopédistes* during the eighteenth century. In order to be convinced of this fact, we need only turn to M. Jules Barni's excellent volume of lectures.‡ Here we have, in seventeen chapters, a comprehensive intellectual history of that eventful time, illustrated with numerous quotations, and including the leading representative men of free-thinking France. After a preface explaining, first, the peculiar features of the eighteenth century, secondly, the respective shares of England, France, and Germany in the speculations of that period, and thirdly, the means employed by the philosophers to secure the triumph of their opinions, M. Barni reviews the writings of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, Montesquieu, and Voltaire. A second volume, to be published immediately, will give us sketches of Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert, the whole work being the reproduction of a course of lectures delivered by M. Barni at Geneva in 1861.

Doctor Sybel's accusations of plagiarism directed against M. Feuillet de Conches could not well remain unnoticed. Silence on the part of the French editor would have been a kind of acknowledgment that the charge was well founded, and that the famous correspondence which he had given to the world was utterly valueless except as a literary curiosity. M. de Conches has, therefore, in the preface to his third volume§, refuted the charges brought forward by the German Professor, and has shown that even Ritter Von Arneth's octavo, the authenticity of which is beyond doubt, could not stand the test of so absurd a system of criticism. An account of the sources from which M. de Conches has derived his communications is likewise added, and every single letter may be traced to the library where the original is kept. With reference to the volume itself, it should be considered as a supplement to the two previous ones; for the first letter given bears date April 2, 1770, and accompanied the likeness of the Dauphin sent by himself to the Princess Marie-Antoinette. The last (August 29, 1791) was written by the Count d'Artois to the King of Sweden; it introduces Baron d'Escars, whose business it was to treat with foreign Powers, after the Pilnitz Conference, on behalf of Louis XVI. and his family. Amongst the most interesting documents contained in this volume, we may mention those referring to the King of France's policy, which were forwarded to M. de Conches by Count Manderström, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Stockholm. The notes added by the editor are very valuable; and the recent festivities at Cherbourg and Portsmouth will give additional interest to the appendix on the construction of the former harbour. The illustrations include a fine portrait of Louis XVI., four autograph letters of Marie-Antoinette, and one of her mother, the Empress Maria-Theresa.

\* *La Science du Langage, cours professé par M. Max-Müller.* Traduit de l'Anglais sur la 4<sup>e</sup> édition, par M. Georges Harris et Georges Perrot. Paris: Durand.

† *Condillac, ou l'Empirisme et le Rationalisme.* Par F. Réthoré. Paris: Durand.

‡ *Histoire des Idées Morales et Politiques en France au 18<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par Jules Barni. Vol. 1. Paris: Baillière.

§ *Louis XVI, Marie-Antoinette, et Madame Elisabeth.* Lettres, etc., publiées par F. Feuillet de Conches. Vol. 1. Paris: Plon.

\* *Les Religions et les Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale.* Par M. le Comte de Gobineau. Paris: Didot.

† *Essai d'une Langue Universelle.* Par Félix Julien. Paris: Plon.

It is a mistake to suppose that Molière recommended ignorance for young ladies. He certainly did not advise them to study Descartes as Madame de Grignan did, or to spend their time in telescopic observation; but he did say—

*Je consens qu'une femme ait des clartés de tout.*

This line from *Les Femmes Savantes* ought to be the motto of Messrs. Hachette's *Panthéon Littéraire des Jeunes Filles*, and if all the volumes of the collection are like the one now before us\*, the public will have no reason to complain. Within the limits of a moderate-sized duodecimo, M. A. Feillet has given a lucid survey of the history of Greek literature from the earliest times to the fourth century of the Christian era. He begins with Homer, and comes down to St. John Chrysostom, concisely characterizing all the distinguished representatives of Hellenic culture. M. Feillet takes care to refer his readers, in his notes, to more detailed works; and whilst discussing the masterpieces of Aristophanes, Plato, or Lucian, he never forgets that he addresses an audience of ladies.

M. Prévost-Paradol is one of the most active members of the militant press, and under present circumstances he feels that politics are the field where the greatest amount of energy and self-sacrifice is required. Hence the prominence given to political articles in the new volume of essays†, which includes the author's latest contributions to the *Journal des Débats*. Amongst the papers now collected the reader will naturally select a few as possessing exceptional interest; but there is scarcely one which is not of permanent value. The article on centralisation is an admirable *exposé* of the whole subject, and the administration of justice is fully treated in papers 4 to 8. With respect to the literary part of the book, we may mention that M. de Sacy, M. Emile Augier, and M. Victorien Sardou are the principal subjects of the author's criticism; the famous play entitled *Le Fils de Giboyer* being severely and, we think, very justly dealt with. To produce a political comedy on the stage under an absolute Government is almost necessarily either an act of extreme boldness or of unworthy servility. We sympathize with Palissot writing his play *Les Philosophes*, and with Laya publishing *L'Ami des Lois*, because they were both protesting at great personal risk against the tendencies of the day. On the other hand, although M. Emile Augier was permitted to ridicule the Legitimists on the stage, it is probable that the Imperial police would not have allowed the right of reprisals on the part of those who were calumniated in *Le Fils de Giboyer*.

M. Allan Kardec does not, like the author of *L'Enfer Démoli*, wish to do away with another world and with a state of retribution. He merely explains both according to the interpretation of "Spiritism," and his book deserves to be read as a curious specimen of ingenious absurdity. *Le Ciel et l'Enfer*† is divided into two parts, respectively entitled "doctrine" and "examples." In the former, M. Allan Kardec reviews the different systems that have been propounded with respect to heaven and hell, angels and evil spirits, and future rewards and punishments. The latter division of the work carries the reader fairly into the other world, where the *dramatis personæ* are spirits of every kind—happy, middling (*dans une condition moyenne*), suffering, penitent, hardened, &c. There is undoubtedly method in M. Allan Kardec's madness.

M. Albert Lemoine begins an interesting *brochure*§ with a few remarks on the *voxata questio* of the origin of language. He describes the relative position of the parties to the controversy, and concludes the first chapter by remarking that the question, instead of being put thus—"What is the origin of language, or rather, of speech?" should be stated as follows—"What are the different ways by which man expresses his thoughts, his feelings, his acts?" M. Lemoine treats at much length of the natural language of physiognomy, and the fact that speech is not indissolubly connected with thought leads him to make some remarks on the deaf and dumb. According to M. Lemoine, it is in the language of signs that we must seek the key to the problem which has perplexed so many inquirers.

In relating the life of Catharine de Bourbon||, the Countess D'Armaillé has done good service to the students of history. She has drawn attention to a woman whose character is not generally known, and whose merits and abilities appear to have been, as it were, eclipsed by those of her more brilliant brother; and she has incidentally brought forward once more a prince of whom true Frenchmen are never weary of hearing—we mean Henry IV. Catharine de Bourbon was more than once sacrificed to State considerations and dynastic interests; but the most painful events of her life only added a new lustre to her generous self-devotion, and she may be justly regarded as one of the most accomplished characters of the sixteenth century. Madame D'Armaillé's book is well written, and illustrated by original documents.

M. Gaston Boissier has made classical antiquity his particular study, and his very full and amusing book on Cicero and Cicero's

friends\* is the result of his labours in that direction. The last years of the Roman Republic were perhaps the most interesting in the history of Rome itself, and it is the peculiar value of Cicero's correspondence that it keeps us, as it were, *au courant* of everything that was going on. M. Boissier begins by explaining the special importance of letter-writing at a time when there were so few means of communication, and he remarks that for such a man as Cicero a constant exchange of views, opinions, and feelings with his friends was a matter of absolute necessity. If we wish to find in this respect a parallel to the Roman orator, we must, M. Boissier thinks, go, not to Pliny, but to Madame de Sévigné. Our author's introduction, which we have thus briefly summed up, is followed by two chapters on the public and private life of Cicero. Atticus and Cælius come next, the latter affording M. Boissier an opportunity of describing the manners of Roman fashionables, and the tone of high life about the time when Cæsar was meditating his attempt upon the Republic. The Dictator himself is then introduced; and, after a chapter devoted to the glorious victims of Pharsalia, Octavius appears. M. Boissier remarks that Cicero's letters must have been published during the years which immediately followed the battle of Actium, and he thinks that, on the whole, they proved useful to the Government of Augustus, on account of the wretched picture they gave of the decaying Republic. M. Boissier concludes with observing that the moral features of the epoch in which we live are so similar to those of Cicero's times that the correspondence of that illustrious man possesses for us a peculiar interest.

As all the world during the last two or three months has been ruminating, journals of travels abound just now. M. Théophile Gautier† is ubiquitous. Spain and Italy are evidently the countries he prefers, but he can manage to assist at the opening of the Cherbourg Docks, and he gives a chapter to the unpretending railway between Paris and Versailles. M. Evariste Thévenin's *En Vacances*‡ is the journal of a Paris *lycéen*, who, as a reward for his diligence at school, had obtained from his father the permission to make a tour through Alsace, and publish the journal of his excursion. Unfortunately, a few days after his return, the young traveller was carried off by a brain fever, and to his father was reserved the melancholy pleasure of presenting to the public this amusing and very readable volume. George Sand's *Voyages et Impressions*§ are not altogether confined to the world of reality; for the first story in the book (and the longest) is essentially a fiction, and so is the last. The narrative of an excursion to Rousseau's *Charmettes* comes between, followed by a letter in which questions of art and of literature occupy more space than descriptions of scenery. Politics and history are the leading points discussed by M. François Lenormant, in a volume where the Greek character|| is favourably portrayed. If these *études* are to be trusted, M. Edmond About's *Grèce Contemporaine* must be deemed downright scandal. M. Xavier Marmier explains in his *spirituelle* preface¶ why he likes trees, and, amongst trees, why he gives his preference to the fir tribe. He has travelled much, and the countries towards which he feels most drawn are the northern ones where firs especially flourish. Hence an agreeable collection of tales borrowed from English, Swedish, German, and Norwegian literature, and written, so to say, under the shadow of the dark *Sapinières*.

We can notice but a few of the works of fiction which are almost every day accumulating before us. M. Jules Noriac's *Mademoiselle Poucet*\*\* is a very pretty sketch of Paris artist-life. M. Ernest Serret describes military peculiarities with an accuracy and a talent that remind us of Alfred de Vigny, and he makes the *Prestige de l'Uniforme*†† the centre of interest for an amusing novel. The *Puritaine* whose adventures are related by M. Marc Valéry‡‡ is a self-sufficient, conceited young lady, proud of her intellectual superiority, and keeping aloof from the world. She finds, however, at last, that the heart has its claims as well as the head, and that persons who condescend to trifles often meet with more happiness than a Belise or a Philaminte.

The holidays taken by M. About's Countess §§ are of a rather objectionable character. She finds out that her husband, whom she had married for love, is carrying on an intrigue with an old flame of his. She immediately resolves upon enjoying a kind of revenge, and goes to a fashionable watering-place, where she flirts, runs into all sorts of excesses, and makes herself conspicuous by everything short of the fatal *four pas*. At last, tormented and unhappy, the laughing-stock of gossiping provincials, and annoyed

\* *Cicéron et ses Amis, Etude sur la Société Romaine du Temps de Césaire*. Par Gaston Boissier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Quand on voyage*. Par Théophile Gautier. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *En Vacances*. Par Evariste Thévenin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Laura. Voyages et Impressions*. Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

|| *La Grèce et les Îles Ioniennes*. Par François Lenormant. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Sous les Sapins; Nouvelles du Nord*. Par X. Marmier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

\*\* *Mademoiselle Poucet*. Par Jules Noriac. Paris: Lévy.

†† *Le Prestige de l'Uniforme*. Par M. Ernest Serret. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡‡ *Confessions d'une Puritaine*. Par M. Marc Valéry. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§§ *La Vieille Roche; Les Vacances de la Comtesse*. Par Ed. About. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

\* *Panthéon Littéraire des Jeunes Filles. Histoire de la Littérature Grecque*. Par A. Feillet. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Essai de Politique et de Littérature*. 3<sup>e</sup> Série. Par M. Prévost-Paradol. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Le Ciel et l'Enfer, ou la Justice Divine selon le Spiritisme*. Par Allan Kardec. Paris: Didier.

§ *De la Physiognomie et de la Parole*. Par M. Albert Lemoine. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

|| *Catherine de Bourbon, Étude Historique*. Par la Comtesse D'Armaillé. Paris: Didier.

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by a cousin who is still in love with her, and who compromises her whilst wishing to defend her, she falls ill. M. Fadaux comes to her bedside, and comforts her by the assurance that the very people who have caused her unhappiness by estranging her from her husband have been punished in their honour. We are led to suppose that a third volume will terminate M. About's *Vielle Roche*. This second part is in every way equal to the first, and contains a very clever description of sea-side society, with its love of scandal and its mischief-making idleness.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (OPERA COMPANY, Limited).**—The Nobility, Gentry, Subscribers, Shareholders, and the Public are respectfully informed that the **SECOND** Season under the Management of this Company will commence on **Saturday, October 21**, with (for the first time in English) Meyerbeer's Grand Opera entitled **L'AFRICAIN**.—Prospectuses of the Arrangements of the Season may be had on and after Monday next, at the Box Office of the Theatre, which will be Open from Ten till Five.

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**MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL** will appear in their **COMIC and MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT**, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Monday next, and every Evening (except Saturday), at Eight, and Saturday Afternoons at Three. Twelve Songs and Impromptos, including the marvellous Living Photograph of Mr. Sims Reeves. Stalls, 3s.; Areas, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Places may be secured at the Box Office daily from Eleven till Five.

**DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865.** Under the Special Patronage of Her Majesty the QUEEN. The Exhibition remains Open every Week Day, and in the Evenings of Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, until October 31.

## RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

Return Tickets to and from Dublin are issued at the principal Railway Stations in England and Scotland at considerably Reduced Rates. Excursion Trains run frequently at very Low Prices. For full Particulars see the Railway Companies' Announcements.

## QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY IN IRELAND.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.—FACULTY OF MEDICINE.** A MATRICULATION EXAMINATION in the Faculty of Medicine will be held on Friday, October 20. The Examination for Medical Scholarships of the Second Year will commence on Thursday, October 19, and the Examinations for Scholarships of the First, Third, and Fourth Years will commence on Monday, October 23. Further information, and copies of the Prospectus, may be had on application to the Registrar.

By Order of the President,

WILLIAM LUPTON, M.A., Registrar.

**UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.**—The SESSION will commence on Wednesday, November 1, 1865.

Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in the "Edinburgh University Calendar," 1865-6, published by Messrs. MACLELLAN & STEWART, South Bridge, Edinburgh, price 2s. 6d.; per post, 2s. 10d.

By Order of the Senate,

ALEX. R. SMITH, Secretary of the University.

**MALVERN COLLEGE.**—The VACATION will begin on Wednesday, December 25, and the SCHOOL will re-assemble for the following Term on Wednesday, January 24. For information apply to the Rev. ALEXANDER FARRER, M.A., Head-Master; to the Rev. CHARLES McDOWALL, M.A., and the Rev. F. R. DREW, M.A., Boarding-House Masters; or to HENRY ALDRIDGE, Esq., Secretary.

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**RUGBY and other PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**—The Rev. G. F. WRIGHT, M.A., late Fellow of Corp. Chr. Coll. Cambridge, and Senior Assistant-Master of Wellington College, and formerly Assistant-Master at Shrewsbury, receives BOYS of Nine Years of Age and upwards to be Prepared for Admission to the Public Schools, and Competition for Open Scholarships. The next Quarter commences October 17.—Address, Overdale, near Rugby.

**THE Rev. J. J. MANLEY, M.A. (Etonian), Graduate in Honours, Oxford (1852),** assisted by a resident Graduate in high Mathematical Honours of Cambridge, receives SIX GENTLEMEN, to prepare them for the Universities or Bishops' Examinations. ONE VACANCY.—Address, Cottaged Rectory, Huntingford, Herts.

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JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary pro tem.

**A LADY and her DAUGHTERS,** residing at Brighton, in a delightfully-situated House with large Garden, are desirous of receiving FOUR LITTLE GIRLS, to Board and Educate. Persons residing in India or elsewhere Abroad would find this a very desirable Home for their Children. The highest references given and required.—For further particulars, or a Personal Interview, address A. F., 12 Wellington Villas, Brighton.

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PHILIP ROSE, Hon. Sec.

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July 1865.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that all Persons desirous of PARTICIPATING in the next QUINQUENNIAL DIVISION OF PROFITS must complete their proposals for Insurance before the 31st of October next.

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